THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 17. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

Some Account of the Campaign Against the Ute Indians in Colorado During the Fall of 1879.

A Grewsome Discovery, and an Abortive March—The Meeker Massacre.

[*For The Citizen.*]

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

Next morning our column marched over the very ground where the Utes lay in waiting for Thornburgh. It was raining heavily, and the trampled trail was both miry and slippery. An odometer cart, used by Thornburgh's party for measuring distances, with one wheel off, lay right across our path. Further on were three or four dead horses, and a couple of mules. We heard neighing and braying on the right, toward the high bluffs, and half a dozen lean, wounded animals, just able to trot feebly, their poor necks in some cases shot through and oozing out thick pus, came up to and joined our column. It was the most pathetic sight I ever witnessed, and it affected even the rudest of the troopers, who have, as a rule, great affection for the equine race. The creatures had been wounded in the Thornburgh affair, and had not been strong enough to join Merritt's column when it passed. Some of the strongest recovered, and did good service afterward.

As we neared the descent into the canon, Capt. Wessels pointed out to the Colonel an object that looked, in the "Scotch mist" that was falling, like a long white boulder.

"It is the body of a man!" cried Henry. "How did it come to be overlooked?"

We halted and then proceeded on foot up the side of the hill, to our left hands, where the object lay. It was the nude body of a soldier, who had been shot through the head. He had not been mutilated in any manner. While the body was of a dazzling white, and swollen to the size of an ox, the face was blacker than that of a negro! The stubble of a blonde mustache showed upon the sable lip, and the gleaming teeth shone white beneath, giving the distorted face a hideous aspect.

"Don't touch him, or he'll fly to pieces," said the Colonel. "Go and fetch half a dozen spades from the wagons."

This was done, a wall of stones was built around the body, and the earth was heaped thick above it. Then, this hapless victim of Indian warfare was left once more alone, and the march was resumed. We discovered subsequently that the man's name was Miller—a private in Payne's troop of the Fifth cavalry—and that Merritt's command, having taken the lower trail before dawn, missed finding his remains.

It was no easy task in the slippery condition of the upper trail to keep our horses from rolling down the side of the canon, so we all dismounted and led, until we reached the bank of the stream that rolled through it. Here we found the trail of Merritt's column, cut deep into the soil, and moved along it at a rapid pace. The scenery all along the way was particularly grand and inspiring. There were many vistas that might have provoked the enthusiasm of an artist, but our business was to overtake Merritt, and to that purpose every muscle was bent. As we were thoroughly in the dark as to the position and disposition of the Utes, we were obliged to be very careful. Lieut. now Capt. George Chase, of the Third cavalry, always led the vanguard, and he pushed his flankers up as high as he dared on the rough mountain sides. This service was so severe on the horses that Col. Henry changed the plan, and marched his command in two parallel columns—one on each side of the stream—so as to cover each other mutually in case of attack. At one brief halt, this brave and able officer suddenly formed his men in a square, and drilled them in the practice of firing over their horses backs, as if in a regular fight. The only difference was that they only "went through the motions," and there was no enemy to be frightened by their warlike attitude.

"I am surprised," remarked Col. Henry to me, "that so well trained a soldier as George Custer did not try that maneuver at the Little Big Horn. It is the best kind of formation against Indians, but, of course, would be next to useless in civilized warfare."

"Perhaps he did try it," said I.

"Oh no," replied the Colonel. "Most of his men were found dead in line. No square was attempted until the top of the hill, where the General fell, was reached. Then it was too late."

Meanwhile the solid old Seventh infantry was plodding along behind us, generally in grim silence, because the brave but punctilious old Colonel, who was martial dignity and circumspection personified, would not permit singing, especially in passing through defiles. Occasionally, however, when he would ride far ahead to chat with Col. Henry who, as commanding the cavalry, had the advance, the younger "dough boys" would break into a chant. One was borrowed from the Peninsular veterans of Wellington, thus:

Now, brave boys we're off for marching—
Off to Portugal and Spain—
Colors flyin' drums a beating,
Divil a home we'll go again,
So, love, fare you well!
Says the mother, do not wrong me,
Do not take my daughter from me,
Or thro' life I will torment you,
After death my ghost will haunt you,
So, love, fare you well!
Oh, whisky, you're the divil,
An' you're leading me astray,
Over hills and mountains
An' through America!
You're sweeter, an' you're wholesomer
An' spunkier than tay!
O, I'll wrastle you when I get sober!

But as the rain came down in sheets, the poor cheerful fellows, many of them "Paddies Evermore," were sober enough when they got into bivouac at the far end of the dreary pass. The Colonel's hat and cloak were streaming with water, and, as the regiment filed by at the quick step, he said to us:

"A jolly life this. It beats the garrison all to nothing."

The wagons were slow in arriving, so we had to stand the weather for several hours, but there was plenty of wood, and around roaring fires we steamed ourselves warm and felt as cheerful as crickets. All soldiers growl more or less, but a more good humored "outfit" than Uncle Sam's boys on a campaign I have never seen. I cannot say as much for them in garrison, especially when liquor is plenty. When I think of the splendid material that made up our regular army in 1876, 1879, and later, I have no patience with the military faddists, who would fain make our national defenders entirely native. The American army without the cheerful, martial Irish, would be like bricks without straw, and I am willing to have judgment passed upon my assertion by every officer that has been under fire with them, either in regular or in Indian warfare. I do not deny, or challenge, the military qualities of other elements, but the soldier's bivouac would be a dull place, indeed, without a representative or two from the Emerald Isle around the campfires. The sparkling joke, the rapid repartee, the romantic fervor belong to the Celtic warriors. As for doing their duty when in action, like the women in judgment on the dancing of Shamus O'Brien, "the whole world gives it up to them there." The Americans and the rest can stand fire just as well as the Irish, but nobody can enjoy the fun of a first-class fight like a genuine "Patlander"; and in a charge he certainly ranks among the foremost of soldiers.

The thick, gray early fog hid everything from our view, except the dull glare of the watch fires, when, next morning, we took the road again. As we emerged into the beautiful, undulating valley of White River, the rain again began to fall in torrents, and, owing to the soft nature of the ground, our progress was rather slow. About noon we came in sight of a picket post, seen dimly through the mist, and then, turning suddenly to the right, we saw the rapid White River, rushing, all swollen from the rains, between its banks, like a veritable mountain torrent. We also saw long rows of white tents, and men grouped around log fires in the "streets" of the canvas city. At one of the fires, a tall, stout officer turned toward me a familiar face. It was Capt. P. D. Vroom, of the Third Cavalry, now Assistant Inspector-General. I had not seen him since we parted on Whitewood Creek, in September, 1876, and the meeting on both sides was unaffectedly cordial. Later in the day I met many other officers of the old expedition, including Gen. Merritt himself, who looked, as usual, the very model of a sage and stalwart military chief.

"Glad you've come, Henry," said he. "All is ready for the march on Grand River, where the hostiles are encamped. Meeker and all his men have been murdered at the agency. We buried the remains. The women have been carried off, and we can all guess their terrible fate."

We marched next day before daylight, fording White River up to our saddlegirths. The snow began to fall early, as we pursued our way down a broad canon which led to Grand River, some thirty miles distant. Along the route we found traces of the Utes—many of the frames of their wicky ups remained standing, and our scouts discovered the tracks made by the shoes of the white women captives! This made our blood boil, and, amid the fast falling snow, we pushed on with redoubled vehemence.

MacIntyre, the soldier detailed by Col. Henry to look after my horse occasionally, was a cool, middle aged veteran, who had seen service in the Rebellion and Indian wars since he was a boy. He had an eye like a hawk. At a point on the march where the canon narrowed, he called my attention to snow puffs along the ridge of the mountain.

"I see them," said I, "but what of them?"

"They are thrown up by Ute ponies," said he. "Those wily rascals are not all on Grand River."

I called Col. Henry's attention to the matter, and soon the eyes of the whole command were rivetted on the crest.

The General had among the first noticed the movement of the enemy, and made dispositions to repel any sudden attack on our left flank that might be attempted.

Already, we were within plain sight of Grand River, where the Utes were posted in force, and, within three or four hours, we would have been upon them; but, suddenly, there was a sound of horsemen trotting on our right flank, and two couriers shot past us to the front. They reached Gen. Merritt, and presented their dispatches. He opened them with an anxious face, and as he read them his countenance fell. A look of keen disappointment settled over his handsome features. The whole command had come to a halt, and the battalion commanders, including Col. Henry, were summoned to the leader's side. After a brief conference, all remounted, the head of the column counter-marched, and we turned back upon White River.

An order had come from Washington forbidding further military operations until the negotiations of Gen. Adam with the murderous Utes were completed. Gen. Merritt, who sincerely desired to teach the proud savages a lesson in warfare, was grievously disappointed, but he said little, and immediately prepared to make the best of the situation. We halted about midway on the route we had come from White River. The cold was intense, but we made the bivouac as comfortable as possible, with rousing fires and campaign yarns. Next noon found us back on the White River, within a mile of the agency, which I visited in company with Capt. Quinton and Lieut. Fredericks, of the Seventh foot. Most of the buildings were destroyed, and there were, as well as I can recall, six or seven graves, which contained the remains of the wretched victims of Indian massacre. Everything around the dismantled and melancholy place suggested ruin and horror. There were blood marks on the floors of one of the buildings. In a corner lay a man's felt hat, cut through by either a hatchet or tomahawk. In the yard lay a woman's torn shawl, and a lady's boot, small size, hardly worn. In short, there was an air of murder about the premises, and we all breathed more freely when we turned our backs upon them and again rode back to our cheerful camp on the river.

The weather had become superb—the matchless Indian summer of Colorado—as we lay lazily in our tents on the banks of as fine a trout stream as the western country boasts. The scenery was majestic, and, only for the absence of the comforts of civilization, we might have been happy enough. Capt. Vroom was the circulating librarian of the outfit, as he had been in '76. Our tent was pitched next to his, so that we had the benefit of his intellectual pabulum. Every day some little event broke the monotony of life. One morning an enterprising post trader came into camp with a load of Budweiser beer. I invested liberally in the beverage, and Col. Henry's striker dug a celler for the stuff in the rear of our "marquee." Long after some of the others had exhausted their supply, ours held good, and, occasionally, we were able to relieve thirsty souls of their torments.

Gen. Merritt rarely ever indulges in even the mildest of liquids. One charming day, when the horses were all out under guard, grazing in the foot hills, and Col. Henry absent on some special duty, the General came around to our tent, forgetting that the Colonel was away. He was attired in a white felt hat, blue shirt and high boots. It struck me that he looked rather ennuyed and fatigued.

"You are not looking as well as usual, General," I remarked.

"Well," he replied, "the fact is I am weary waiting here for farther orders, and the water of the river has not agreed with me. I think it is rather alkaline. I frequently use mineral waters when in garrison."

"Wouldn't beer be better as a substitute?" I asked.

"Beer!" exclaimed the General. "Why, there isn't a drop of it nearer than Rawlins, and that is a good two hundred miles! I'm not much of a beer drinker, but I confess a glass might taste nicely today."

I immediately rose and unearthed one of my few remaining bottles, drew the cork and filled the liquid into a tin coffee mug.

The General's eyes stuck out, as he said, "Bless my soul! where did this come from?"

"It grows around here, General," said I, "but drink it anyhow. It will do you good."

He took my advice, and, after musing a little while he said. "Finerty, that is the most satisfactory drink I've had in my whole life, and the least expected. If I ever meet you in civilization, I will respond in kind," and he went away laughing.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

CATHEDRAL CLUB RECEPTION.

The Cathedral Club gave a reception at the Waubansee Club last Wednesday night, the entertainment concluding with a spread of fifty covers. Among those present were Revs. M. J. Fitzsimons, P. J. Muldoon, F. N. Perry, N. J. Mooney, P. A. McLaughlin, J. M. Scanlan, J. P. Dore, P. C. Conway, J. L. Finn.

The entertainment and reception were in charge of J. F. Kelley, E. J. Murray, and J. P. Ratty. Among the guests of the evening were Misses Anna Murphy, Maud Shepherd, Kate McAbee, Annie O'Malley, Sarah Oliver, Mollie Harney, Minnie Aikman, F. McDowd, Minnie Murphy, Anna Ratty, Morie Quinn, Anna Moyer. Messrs. C. A. Duval, Charles McEvilla, J. P. Heffern, F. E. Riley, J. F. Kelley, O. J. Bittel, R. R. Moyer, O. Ogden, Al Moyer, T. J. Noone, W. L. Bush, T. Normayle, F. C. Austin, E. J. Murray, William Suca, J. P. Ratty. The affair, like all those of the club, was most enjoyable.

To Get at the Facts

Regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla, ask the people who take this medicine, or read the testimonials often published in this paper. They will convince you that HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure constipation.

NOTICE.

All subscribers and readers of THE CITIZEN, and all others whom it may concern, are hereby notified that one Patrick J. Flynn, residing at Halsted street and Thirty-seventh court, is not employed by THE CITIZEN in any capacity. They are, furthermore, warned against having any business transactions with him, so far as this paper is concerned.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

"How to obtain a Postoffice or Custom House position." Full information and pointers on the examinations, in a new book just published, "How to Obtain a Government Position." 25 cents. By mail. HAWTHORNE PUBLISHING CO., 1108 Unity Building, Chicago.

"CATHOLIC NEW ENGLAND."

Wonderful Growth of the Ancient Faith in the Old Home of the Pilgrims and the Puritans.

Catholic Church Members Exceed Protestant, in the New England States By Nearly a Quarter Million of Souls.

[*Boston Pilot, April 22.*]

"Catholic New England" is the title of an article in the *Independent* which is at once remarkable for the frank admissions it makes, and the conclusions it draws therefrom.

Says the *Independent:* "The Church of Rome is at the front in New England, so far as numbers are concerned. This has been suspected, but not definitely known. The census of 1890 now makes it an undeniable fact. The communicants of the Roman Catholic church exceed in number those of all Protestant bodies combined, by nearly a quarter of a million. The excess is surprisingly large."

And it subjoins the figures for the six states, according to the census returns for 1890:

	Catholic Communicants.	Protestant Communicants.
Maine	57,548	102,161
New Hampshire	39,920	63,021
Vermont	48,810	63,505
Massachusetts	615,072	327,721
Rhode Island	96,825	51,183
Connecticut	151,945	156,396
	1,005,120	763,987

Be it remembered that Catholics, estimating their own numbers, always include all the baptized, infants and adults. But the above tables count only the communicants of the Catholic church. The *Independent* notes this, and notes from the above figures how much larger is the proportion of Catholic communicants to Catholic population than of Protestant communicants to the Protestant population—in other words, how much more numerous are practical Catholics than are practical Protestants in New England.

The Catholic population, including infants and nominal Catholics, as gathered from the reports of the seven New England dioceses, in Sadlier's and Hoffman's Catholic Directories for 1893, is about 1,385,000.

This is a moderate estimate. Nominal Protestants still greatly outnumber the Catholics in that section; but what with the spiritual vitality, and the drawing and holding power of Catholicity on the one side, and the addiction of Catholics to early marriages and large families on the other, the situation will soon be reversed.

Even today there are some who persist in attributing the Catholic numerical strength in New England solely to immigration. The *Independent* is too honest to do this. It giver fair credit to natural increase of the Catholic immigrant stock, though accounting for the decline of the Puritan element chiefly by its migration to the West and other sections of the country.

"Nobody finds any evidence," says the *Independent*, "that the church is winning from Protestantism;" and further on, "The descendants of Puritans have not, of course, been converted to the Catholic faith."

These are rash assertions. While the church was still poor and a stranger in New England, she attracted many converts from the old Puritan stock. The reminiscences of the early days of Catholicity in Vermont and New Hampshire, written by the Right Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, D.D., bishop of Burlington, Vt., might be cited in proof.

The Rev. John Thayer, a convert priest; a native of the city labored in Boston a hundred years ago. Among the notable convert names after him, we may mention Orestes A. Brownson, the Rev. George F. Haskins, the Rev. Joseph Coolidge Shaw and the Rev. Edward H. Welsh (these two last named became Jesuits), the Rev. Dr. James Kent Stone, now Father Fidelis, a Passionist missionary in South America; Miss Constance Ripley, a cousin of Emerson, afterwards a Visitation nun at Georgetown; Capt. Chandler; representatives of the Dwights, Carys, Danas, Metcalfs, Lymans, Warrens; still later, of the Winthrops and Quincys.

It is recorded that on one day in August, 1844, the Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, then bishop of Boston, confirmed a class of sixty, nearly one-half of whom were native converts.

Several hundred converts are received every year into the church in Boston alone. The overwhelming majority of these persevere in the faith.

The *Independent* observes that, for various causes, the descendants of the Puritans who remain in New England do not have so large a natural increase as obtains among populations of less remote foreign origin; and grants that New England is likely to become more predominantly Catholic.

But our esteemed Protestant contemporary says that it will not therefore cease to be New England. It believes that Catholicity will catch something of the Puritan spirit.

Inasmuch as Puritanism is a spirit and not a sect, Catholics can stand a goodly infusion of it without damage to their faith.

Of that in which differentiated Puritans religiously from the rest of mankind, it may be said in the words of John Boyle O'Reilly, of their kindred Pilgrims:

"—— They thought it might avail
To build a gloomy creed about their lives,
To shout out all dissent! but naught survives
Of their poor structure; and we know today
Their mission was less pastoral than lay—
More Nation-seed than God-seed were they!"

But, says the *Independent* of the future New England, "it will not be alien because it is Catholic." And it quotes the *Christian Register* (Unitarian) to the same effect, that though the foreign born population is increasing, and that the Catholic is being substituted for the Protestant forms of Christianity in large districts; yet that the "problems of civilization are well in hand," that "no backward step has been taken in any particular," and that "New England is not losing its position in any important respect."

Catholics are naturally inclined to smile at the above admissions, and yet they show a growth in common sense and breadth of mind among the non-Catholic element that bodes well for the future of the whole country.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

[*To the Editor.*]

On the evening of Monday, the 17th inst., his Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Satolli visited this college. During the afternoon preparations were made for giving him a proper reception. At six o'clock the students of both senior and junior departments marched in processional order from the college grounds to meet him; they were preceded by two members of the graduating class, carrying the national and papal colors. His Grace, who traveled to Emmitsburg by special train, came from there in an open carriage drawn by six richly caparisoned horses; as the carriage approached, the students lined up on each side of the avenue and saluted the delegate apostolic as he passed, and then followed in procession to the college. Awaiting his Grace at the college were the faculty, the seminarians and the reception committee. When he approached the college band rendered airs appropriate for the occasion. His Grace was accompanied by Very Rev. E. P. Allen, D. D., Rev. Father Orban, S. S., University, Washington; Rev. P. Morris, Warwick, N. Y.; Rev. Joseph Egan, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Rev. Father Hare, Rev. Father Lavirere and Rev. Father White. In the evening the college was brilliantly illuminated, and the band played serenades for nearly an hour. The exercises in honor of the distinguished visitor commenced at nine o'clock Tuesday morning, in the study hall, which was tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and floral embellishments. The seminarians sang Ecce Sacerdos in fine style, Rev. D. Brown accompanying on the piano. After these the Glee Club sang Prof. Chevalier, Jos. Ferrata performing on the piano. When the singing was over, Mr. D. A. E. Behan, '94, read an address of welcome, in Latin, to his Grace, and then Messrs. P. Walsh, J. N. Cadori and P. A. Coad held a theological discussion, which lasted for over an hour. His Grace then addressed the audience in a lengthy discourse. In the afternoon a philosophical discussion was held by Messrs. W. J. Bourgeois, '93; W. J. McConnell, '93, and W. J. Cashman, '93. After this disputation his Grace again addressed the faculty, visitors and students, and presented each of the debaters with a beautiful silver medal—a souvenir of Our Holy Father's Jubilee. His Grace delivered two lectures on Wednesday, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The college and grounds were brilliantly illuminated each evening, and the band and Glee Club furnished choice selections of delightful music.

On Wednesday evening Mr. P. A. Coad addressed the Archbishop in Latin, on behalf of the faculty and students. His Grace felt pleased with the college, and complimented the faculty on the thorough classical knowledge which the disputants displayed in their discussions on the previous day. He said he felt confident that Mount St. Mary's would keep up its brilliant record, and continue to send from its historic halls men who would become famous, as several of its alumni are and had been—men who adorned church and state by their genius. He also commended the regularity which pervaded the whole institution. His Grace left on Thursday morning, and went to St. Joseph's academy. From thence he proceeded to Baltimore by special train.

MONTANUS.

Emmitsburg, Md., April 20.

FATHER SHERMAN ON THE A.P.A.

[*Iowa Catholic Messenger.*]

The *Michigan Catholic* of April 6 prints an extract of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Sherman, son of the late General of the United States Army, at SS. Peter and Paul's church, Detroit, on Easter Sunday evening. His audience, among whom were many Protestants, were electrified by the masterly eloquence and indisputable logical deductions that emanated from the lips of the young American Jesuit. Among other things he said:

"I do not believe that any man who wore the blue in the war of the Rebellion would belong to such a society. I have been told that they do, and if so, I apologize for the G.A.R. If any man has sunk so low let him take off the blue, the emblem of freedom, and put on the red, the insignia of British tyranny. He has forgotten that the cause for which he fought was the cause of freedom. Would he take freedom away from the son of his old commander?"

After telling how his grandfather fought in the War of Independence, he went on:

"I defy any man who is a member of such an organization as I have referred to, to tell me where his grandfather was at that time. If he was in the war, he was in the British camp. I propose to prove that such men are anti-American, ex-American and un-American. If ever they were Americans they have lost all pride and all traits. None dare to speak or gather in public but they meet in secret and in vile alleys. They are cowards and wolves."

Twice the speaker stopped and challenged any A.P.A. present to refute his (the speaker's) statements. On one such occasion he gave vent to these, or similar, words:

"I here fling down the gauntlet in the face of any man who can belong to any such organization."

And continuing, he said:

"There can be no such organization in America. We are not under the rule of a Nero nor under any government where Jesuits could be tortured because they are Catholics.

"Will any man dare tell me I am not an American? If they will not lie in public they must not lie in private. They are all servants of the father liar."

And then, continuing:

"There are those among us who do not charge openly but they slink around us. They sneak behind us, and there may be one behind me at any time to stab me in the back."

Closing his great sermon in an eloquent outburst, the reverend speaker said:

"I cite the members of this organization for libel. I cite them for low treason, and I ask every true son of America to take up the cry until every man shall be ashamed to say that such an organization ever existed within the boundaries of free America."

MONUMENT TO A PATRIOT.

[*Cleveland Plaindealer, April 20.*]

The monument erected in St. Joseph's Catholic cemetery on Woodland avenue to the memory of Capt. Patrick Kieran Walsh was completed yesterday. It consists of a massive granite pedestal six and one-half feet high, tapering to the top, upon which is a heroic sized bronze figure of Walsh in the attitude of addressing an audience. In his right hand is a manuscript, while with his left hand he is carelessly toying with his watch charm. The figure is extremely lifelike.

There is inscribed upon the north side of the pedestal the words: "Sacred to the memory of Capt. Patrick Kieran Walsh, born in Dundalk, Ireland, in 1818; died in Cleveland, O., July 28, 1886. May his soul rest in peace."

A fac simile of a Grand Army badge is cut in stone above the inscription, while at the foot is a harp, surrounded with the sun burst, palm leaves and shamrock.

On the west side of the monument are inscribed the words: "Erected by his many friends as a tribute of affection," and on the east side: "A patriotic citizen, an honest man, a true and faithful soldier. True to his God, his country and human liberty."

The monument was designed by Mr. J. G. C. Hamilton and cost $2,500. About a week after Walsh's death a committee, consisting of Messrs. W. J. Gleason, John Walsh, Patrick Smith, Owen Kane, Daniel O'Driscoll, T. P. O'Connor and W. R. Ryan, were appointed by the Irish National League to raise funds for a monument. Subscriptions were obtained, and a portion of the proceeds of the annual picnic of the League were set aside.

Walsh's life was a stormy one. He was exiled from Ireland in 1848. He belonged at that time to the Young Ireland or Revolutionary party with Thos. Davis, W. S. O'Brien, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher and John Mitchel. After his exile he came to Cleveland and lived here until the war broke out, when he enlisted in the Hibernian Guards, Company B, Eighth Ohio, and subsequently he became active in forming the Sixtieth Ohio Irish Regiment. He was made a captain in the regiment and served until the close of the war. He organized the Fenian Circle and when that disbanded was the principal organizer of the Irish National League in the Western and Southern States. He was the editor of the *Celtic Index* and the *Irish National Magazine* and was noted as a strong, vigorous writer and able speaker. He was regarded as the best posted Irish historian in America, and was an earnest advocate of Irish freedom.

His widow, Susan Walsh, is now living on Forest street. His son, Roger Walsh, is on the editorial staff of the New York *World*.

A Bequest for John Dillon.

The *Daily News* says: "Madame Venturi left the bulk of her property to Mr. John Dillon, M. P. It included a house in London, well known to a large circle of visitors. Mr. Dillon, while accepting a legacy of books from his old friend, has declined to benefit by her intention with respect to the house, which he has placed at the disposal of some of her relations.

A.O.H. Will Attend Communion.

Divisions 19 and 35, Ancient Order of Hibernians, will approach holy communion tomorrow (Sunday) morning, at the Church of the Nativity. All members are requested to be punctual in attendance at their respective halls.

The best medical authorities have pronounced Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the most skillfully-adjusted combination of alteratives and tonics known to pharmacy. It is this fact which has earned for it the well-merited title of the Superior Medicine.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver, "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Serried and rough as a field of ripe grain,
Stand by your flag upon mountain and plain:
Charge till yourselves or your foemen are slain!
Fight till yourselves or your foemen are slain!"

"Yes, my friends, everything is arranged—satisfactorily, I trust—and we march to attack them in an hour's time."

The speaker was Teige Reagh O'Dowda, whose tall and stalwart figure was the centre of a group of Irish officers standing beneath the shadow of the gray abbey walls of Creevelea. This venerable monastery was now occupied by a large division of the insurgents, and resounded with the din and bustle of their preparations for marching. The place presented a curious and lively scene. At the gateway built by the old Undertaker, Harrison, stood a sentinel with his matchlock on his shoulder, and over the same gateway waved the green banner of the Catholic Confederation. Rude, bearded faces glanced out through the mullioned windows, and out through the broken panes floated the confused hum of many voices. In an adjacent field, where stood a number of rude huts of sods and wattles, surrounded by several large smoking and flaring fires and by many stands of arms, both pikes and muskets, a numerous body of men were executing some military manœuvres: on these men the attention of the officers surrounding O'Dowda was mainly turned.

"Well done, *ma bouchals*," continued the sergeant-major, apostrophizing the moving corps;—"my soul, but ye did that flank movement right well. A brave lot of fellows," he remarked, in a lower tone, to his companions, "but far too short of discipline. However, I would trust my life with the musketeers—anywhere—any time."

"And the pikemen?" queried one of his audience.

"The pikemen. Ha! there's where we feel our lack of discipline. They cannot stand fire properly as yet: the whistle of the bullets is too much for them;—and, *entre nous*, I fear when it comes to a trial, our pikemen will play the jade with us."

"Play the jade" meant turn-tail, or show the white feather, in the military parlance of the period.

The sergeant-major's hearers nodded as if to express their belief in his opinion; and there were experienced military minds in the group surrounding O'Dowda—men who had fought hard and well in their country's cause since the outbreak of the insurrection. There were Captains Brian O'Hara, Rory O'Conor, and William Tyrrell—popular leaders, full of native fight and energy; there were Captains Francis Taaffe and Cormac O'Hara, holding command of fiery and determined bands of the men of Lieney and Tirerril in Sligo; and there was the sergeant-major's own kinsman, and afterwards son-in-law, Capt. Dathi or David O'Dowda, of Castleconnor on the river Moy, the progenitor of the later O'Dowdas of Tireragh—for it may be remarked, *en passant*, that after his many "bloody accidents by flood and field," the valorous sergeant-major of the Sligo regiment was able to retire to his ancestral seat of Castletown, at the mouth of the Easkey River, and there in that bard-beloved locality—"Iasca of the land of the white-blossomed apple-trees, Imleach Isle of the smooth grass, a mede-abounding seat by sea and land, so that I love the surface of the land"—he led a peaceful life for many years. There also he gave his daughter Dorothy in marriage to his kinsman, the fore-mentioned Capt. David, with a dowry of forty big cows, fifteen two-year-old heifers, fifteen yearling heifers, one hundred sheep, one horse, and one plough: and however *mal apropos* these details, the reader will excuse them on this account.

"Well," remarked another officer, Capt. O'Hara, "it is passing bad; but between ourselves, comrades, methinks our colonel is as apt to play the jade as are our pikemen."

"What! will Taaffe command today?" inquired another, in an excited whisper.

"Oh, of course," was the reply, "and *fareer gair*—worse luck!"

"Here comes Col. MacDonogh," said O'Dowda; "I know his walk."

A firm and regular step sounded on the rough stones, accompanied by the clank of a sabre; the sentinel at the abbey gateway saluted with his musket, and immediately the Sligo colonel issued forth and approached the group of officers. Like them he was arrayed in full military dress. His eyes were bent on the ground, and his fingers were nervously twisting the ends of his dark, heavy moustache.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, raising his plumed hat in acknowledgment of the salutations of the others; "the men are in readiness, I presume?"

"Ready, Colonel, and only waiting the word," answered O'Dowda.

"Good. The Colonel's dispatch may arrive any moment and set us in motion. A glorious day for our work, and a very pleasant Easter's Eve. The Lent has been a long and severe one and I fear we should have no proper action with our friend Hamilton till long after its close. Well, heaven prosper us today!"

"Amen!" was the united response.

It was, indeed, the Eve of Easter, the first of April, 1643, about seven months since Kathleen was carried away by the strange ships in the Bay of Sligo; and still in Leitrim the Irish cause and the Puritan cause remained in their former condition, the loss and gain on either side being nearly on a par. Dromahaire castle had been strengthened and the Irish forces put in a better state of discipline and organization; while Sir Frederick Hamilton had obtained supplies of arms and ammunition both from Enniskillen and Ballyshannon.

"Here comes a messenger," remarked O'Dowda; "the order to march, most likely."

A horseman was seen approaching at full gallop on the road to Dromahaire. He reined in his horse in front of the group. It was Edmund O'Tracy.

"From Col. Taafe," he exclaimed, handing a note to MacDonogh, who tore open the missive and read it in silence.

"Ho, my hero, is it you that's in it?" said the sergeant-major; "welcome, avic; come, tell us the news from the castle; will the *tierna* fight? *M'anan an diaoul*, how I would like a good, hearty, rattling charge, cut, thrust, and fire, side by side with Owen O'Rourke!"

"My foster-father is unwell," answered Edmund; "but the Breffny men are under arms, and Col. Taaffe is already on the road for Manor-Hamilton."

"*Dhar mo lamh*, then, we musn't be late," exclaimed O'Dowda; "old Righ Dathi would leap from beneath his red pillar-stone if he thought that his descendant should be the last in the field. Well, Colonel," said he, "turning to MacDonogh, "is there battle in the air? What does Mars send us?"

"Merely a repetition of the countermanded order of yesterday; we are for the road at once."

And the Colonel, taking a note from his pocket, read as follows:

"SIR—I shall desire that you march, towards the falling in of night, with all the companies on this side of the water, where I shall meet you; you are to leave one pikeman out of every company to guard the baggage left at Crewly, whom you are to require to keep good watch upon such things as shall be left with them, and not to spoil anything belonging to the Abby, as they shall answer it at their perils: so till meeting, I rest,
Yours, COL. LUCAS TAAFFE."
DROMAHERE, March 31.

So ran the style and orthography (peculiar to the period) of the Colonel's letter.

"So, gentlemen, to your stations," added MacDonogh; and the group dissolved.

Speedily there was a blowing of horns, a beating of drums, and a mustering of men. The insurgent soldiers formed their ranks and went through their manœuvres with a good show of discipline. In a short time they were moving in long columns of march on the road to Manor-Hamilton. After marching for some time they were joined by another division of their army, which had marched from Dromahaire, and which was led by an officer who now assumed command of the entire force.

This was Col. Luke or Lucas Taaffe, one of the remarkable Irish leaders of the day, but one who was destined to leave behind him a very poor reputation as a commander. He was the son of John, Viscount Taaffe of Coranne, the son of a military adventurer who had espoused the cause of Elizabeth against the Irish, obtaining as reward of his services a grant of the strong castle of Ballymote, and of the forfeited lands of the MacDonoghs. Time rolled on, however, and brought those Taaffes of Ballymote—of whose lordly line the present illustrious prime minister of Austria is now the representative—heart and soul into the Irish cause; so that now both Lord Taaffe and his son Lucas were in the front ranks of the Confederates—but the prestige of both was very low. The readers of Irish history will remember that the command of the Munster army was scarcely intrusted to Lord Taaffe when this incapable commander was defeated with great slaughter by the ruthless Inchiquin on the fatal field of Knocknanoss; and will remember also that when Cromwell laid seige to New Ross, the governor of that town, who capitulated at almost the first roar of the parliamentary cannon, was Major-Gen. Luke Taaffe—the same individual who is now present before us.

As Col. Taaffe rode up he was surrounded by a number of the Irish leaders, with whom he maintained a light and jaunty conversation during the march—a conversation overheard by our hero, who in his post of orderly was constantly near the person of the commander.

"Indeed, gentlemen all," said he, "the news I bring from Galway is not the best; but since the meeting of Clanrickard, our lord president, and the chief men of that county at Loughrea, matters have improved. Our effective force there in August last was, I protest to you, not above three hundred in number, and we had but little rest or quietness. The forces of the county Mayo had encamped at Shrule, on the borders of the two counties, and my Lord Mayo sent to us for aid—aid, indeed!—being well known to his lordship how able we are to spare any; but his lordship was pleased to write plainly that if we did not in retribution of his force's loss then sustained parallel his courtesies, we should expect no more aid from thence—give him a fair excuse or a fit denial. As for the English news, the king and parliament are still at great distance—the Lord of Heaven continue them so until I send them absolution."

"Heard you aught of the supplies, Colonel?" inquired an officer.

"Ay, the powder bestowed by the council upon Connacht is sent partly to Mayo and partly to Galway, not to be touched until our provincial council distribute it as they think fit. But we can await its division; for has not sergeant-major O'Dowda furnished us with a supply, for which he shall be promptly paid? Besides, the powder made at Loughlin is as good as any in Ireland, and we shall want no more of that commodity so we be furnished with all other necessaries."

"But tell me," he exclaimed, eagerly, "how have things gone on with you here? I've heard with sorrow that poor Carberry has been oppressed by the insolent power of the Northerns, and that Hamilton intended to make a hot Christmas at Ballymote and burn our town to ashes. Well, thank heaven! my mother took my advice, and had the castle ditch well secured before the bad weather overtook it. The report of the strange shipping at Sligo gave me no small fear. Tell me, in what small restraint was Oliver O'Hara kept by the sheriff since my leaving here? I thought he would speedily cry *mea culpa*, but finding that he stood so stiffly upon his justification. I promised to desire justice against him, and against the sheriff also if he went not according to his directions, etc., etc.

While Taaffe was thus holding forth, MacDonogh, who rode some paces in his rear, side by side with O'Dowda, seemed plunged in a deep and gloomy reverie. Suddenly he lifted his downcast eyes and addressed the sergeant-major:

"O'Dowda, my friend."

"What now, Brian?"

"It is curious, O'Dowda; I feel now what I have never felt before, a chilling sensation of mysterious dread—of what I know not, for I flatter myself I fear not death; it must be a presentiment of evil: how say you?"

"Pooh! an idle fancy. Come, come, leave pishthrogues to the hags."

"Give me your hand, Teige."

"You're welcome to it, MacDonogh."

"Teige, my wife and little ones are living in their old home on the green slopes of Collooney, on the banks of the pleasant Unsion, and close by the castle which our clansmen wrested two years ago from the brood of the Undertaker Cooper. In case I fall, you will take my blessing to my lonely little nest."

"Drive out of your head that ugly idea of falling. Still, if the worst should happen, I'll fulfil your request, though, *dhar mo corp*, little would I like the job."

"A hundred thousand thanks."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous serfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

World's Fair News.

A fleet of full rigged models showing the development and growth of the world renowned Cunard line, from the steamship Britannia, in 1840 (their pioneer ship) 270 feet long, 2,050 tons, 405 horse power, down to their latest leviathan, the Campania, the largest steamship in the world, 620 feet long, 13,000 tons and 30,000 horse power, being only 60 feet shorter than the late Great Eastern.

These models have been in the course of construction for over a year past at the Cunard company's yards in Liverpool by their own naval architects, and are drawn on a scale of ½-inch to the foot. The Cunard company's joiners, sent out from Liverpool especially for the purpose, are now engaged in the work of installation.

The models are enclosed in handsome glass cases and rest upon elaborately carved tables of natural oak; an ivory tablet giving a full description is attached to each case. The whole will form a most interesting and attractive study for the many thousands of tourists who have crossed by this line in by-gone days, as well as for the general public. No other line in existence can approach this exhibit in historic interest.

In addition to the models, it is intended to display photographs, etc., of modern ships, including their latest additions, the Campania and Lucania, upon screens provided for the purpose. The space set apart by Chief Smith for the exhibit is on the north main aisle in the Transportation building, Section C, Block 5, Columns 6 and 7.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Cunard line is safety. It is a remarkable fact that during the fifty-three years of its existence, notwithstanding hundreds of thousands have been carried across the Atlantic, they still hold the unparalleled record of having never lost the life of a single passenger.

The words long ago applied to Cunard ships in the *North American Review*, still remain as true as when they were first uttered: "No gale sweeps the North Atlantic that does not at least touch one of them; no fog rests on its bosom that does not darken their path; no floating berg or ice-field drifts to the southward that does not pass almost immediately athwart their bows; and yet they steam to and fro, during all seasons, amid all dangers, in spite of all contingencies, with as much regularity as the ferry-boats which cross our harbor." The Cunard line has always carried the British and U. S. mails.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Má ghlacfaidh tu mo chómhairle, a inghin an righ," ar sé, "rachamaoid go teach éigin agus sgriobhfaidh tu litir chum an righ as-an teach sin, agus déarfaidh tu leis go bhfuil tu saor aris, acht go dtug tu do mhionna nach bhfillfeá go bráth, no go mbéidheadh briathar an righ agad nach geuirfeadh sé d'fhiachaibh ort an fear sin phósadh nach maith leat féin; agus tabhair an litir sin damh-sa, agus béarfaidh mise do'n righ i, agus creid me go ndeunfaidh sé an rud atá tu 'g larraidh, agus go mbéidh do thoghadh féin agad feasta."

Budh mhaith an t-slighe i sin, agus ghlac sí an chómhairle sin, agus sgriobh sí litir chum an righ, ag innsint dó go raibh sí saor aris, 'réis beag-nach dá bhliadhan do chathadh i dtir choimhighthigh, agus ag innsint dó, go follusach, go raibh faitchios uirri filleadh d'á phálás, air eagla go geuirfeadh sé d'fhiachaibh uirri fear nár mhaith léithe féin a phósadh, agus má gnidh tu sin, ar sise annsan litir, tuitfidh me aris faoi chumhacht na Sidheóg a rug leo roimhe seo me, agus ní fheicfidh tu me a choidhche no go bhfágh' me do mhóid agus do mhionna go léigfidh tu dham deunamh mar is mian liom féin. Má tá tu sásta sin a dhéanamh tig leat freagairt a chur chugam leis an teachtaire ceudna a bheur fas an litir seo dhuit-se.

Thug sí an litir do Ghoillis, agus dubhairt sí leis dul do'n phálás agus a tabhairt do'n righ féin, agus dá g-cuirfeadh an righ ceist air bith air, bhi sé le léigint air go raibh sé balbh. Nuair a bheurfadh an righ an freagairt dó, bhi sé le bheith air a choimeud nach leanfadh duine air bith é, air eagla go geuirfeadh an righ spideóirídhe air a lorg a gheabhfadh amach an áit ann a raibh an bhain-phrionnsa.

Ghcall Goillis dí go ndeunfadh sé sin, agus rinne. Thainig sé go teach mór an righ, agus d'fhan sé anaice leis an doras mór air feadh leith an lae, no go bhfacaidh sé an righ agus a chdirt ag teacht amach. Nuair chonnairc sé sin, léim sé trid an ngárda a bhi timchioll an righ, chuaidh sé sios air a dhá ghlún, agus chuir sé an litir ann a láimh féin.

[LE BEITH LEANTA.]

Make Haste to Defend Yourself

If you live in a locality where malaria is prevalent, with a preventive that experience indicates as the most reliable of medical safeguards—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Entirely free from the objections—and they were valid ones—which attach to the mineral alkaloid quinine, it is far more effective, and its effects are not evanescent, but lasting, unlike those of the drug. There are portions of our land—and none more beautiful and more fertile—which at no season of the year are entirely exempt from the malarial scourge. In such regions Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has undergone a continuous test for the past forty years, with results which have established its reputation beyond all cavil as a special defense against every form of malarial disease. For biliousness, also, it is an acknowledged specific, and it is a potent remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism an and impoverished condition of the blood.

Looks Like a Record Maker.

LONDON, April 15.—The new steamer Campania, built for the Cunard company, had its trial trip on the Clyde today. The Campania attained a maximum speed of 23.5 knots or fully 27 miles an hour. This is the greatest speed ever attained by any steamship, and justifies the hope that it will be able to make the run from Fastnet to Sandy Hook in five days and a half. The Campania is scheduled to leave Liverpool for New York next Saturday. On its first voyage it will attempt to break no records. The Lucania, the sister ship of the Campania, will be launched in about six weeks, and it will begin its regular sailings some time in July.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

A WICKED STATUE.

It Bears Evil to Him Who Disrespectfully Talks of Spirits.

When Darius I, according to Herodotus, wished to erect his statue near that of Rameses II (Sesostris), the priests objected on the ground that Sesostris was a greater conqueror than he. The statue in question was one of several erected before the temple of Ptah at Memphis, on the borders of the sacred lake where is now the village of Bedreshein. After Memphis became Christian the renown of its monuments died away, and when it perished the stones were removed to serve in building Cairo. One colossus remained to our day, it having been preserved under the sand, and on being unearthed by Caviglia at the beginning of the century was found to represent Sesostris in his youth.

This colossus has been visited by most tourists in Egypt. It lay on the sands near the palm of Bedreshein in a hollow or ditch and was covered with water during the inundation. The remains of the temple might be traced along the lake, which is still represented by a depression in the ground covered with wheatfields. Of late years General Stephenson and Major Bagnold, R. E., have excluded the waters from the colossus, raised it on timber supports above the ground and surrounded it by a brick wall. On payment of 2 piasters, however, it can be seen by the curious.

M. Maspero, the great Egyptologist, relates in a French contemporary that the Arabs had formerly a great awe of this, which they called Abou'l Hol, the "father of fright," as they do the Sphinx. The ancient Egyptians, he assures us, believed that statues, divine or human, were animated by a spirit or "double" detached from the soul of the person they represented. This double ate, drank and spoke or delivered oracles. In later times the double was credited with playing evil tricks on those who approached the statue and even with killing them. His power could be destroyed by breaking the statue, or at least the features; hence it is that so many statues of the pharaohs have been mutilated by the Arabs.

The spirit of Rameses II was supposed to haunt the palms at night, and M. Maspero relates that every time he passed by in the evening toward dusk the driver of his ass would mutter his prayers and hurry on his beast. One evening M. Maspero asked him if he was afraid of some "afrite," and the driver begged him not to speak of such things or some harm would befall him. Presently M. Maspero was thrown from the ass in the middle of the wood, and the incident was regarded by the driver as a punishment for his not speaking respectfully of the spirit in the statue. Egypt is full of such superstitions dating from the far past.—Rural Collaborator.

Relics of Shakespeare.

Mr. Thomas Hornby of Kingsthorpe, near Northampton, has just received at his residence from Stratford-upon-Avon the whole of the Shakespearean relics formerly in the possession of his grandmother, Mary Hornby, who was the occupant of Shakespeare's birthplace from 1768 to 1820. Mary Hornby, who is picturesquely described in Washington Irving's "Sketchbook," removed from Shakespeare's house in consequence of the rent being raised from £10 to £40 per annum. She took with her to her new house, almost opposite, nearly everything that it was possible to remove, including the locks of the doors and the fire grate. There she exhibited them for a number of years, but after her death nothing was seen of them until they arrived at Northampton on the decease of a descendant of Mary Hornby, by whom they were devised to Mr. Hornby of Northampton.

They include five carved oak chairs, one of them being that which Washington Irving said required a new bottom every three years; two large carved oaken chests, portions of a carved bedstead, carved table and other furniture, fire grate and fire dog, all contemporary with Shakespeare, and said to have been his private property. There were also such personal relics as an iron sword, lantern, iron deed box, all reputed to have been owned by the poet.—Exchange.

Confidence Begets Confidence.

Mr. Porte-Veine, the registrar, had a hump as large as the late Mr. Lagardere's. Baron Arthur, on the other hand, is an Israelite of the most pronounced type, and any one who doubts need only look at his features. Now the baron and the registrar met at Nice, where they became fast friends. When the hour of departure struck, they mutually expressed a wish for a continuance of the pleasant acquaintanceship after their return to Paris. But Baron Arthur has a scruple. In these days of anti-Semitic agitation he would not for worlds impose on the good nature of his new friend. Just before stepping into the carriage he delivered himself as follows:

"I have a confession to make. I am a Jew."

"One confidential admission deserves another," whispered the registrar in the baron's ear. "As for me, I am a hunchback!"—Intransigeant.

Pleasures of Life In India.

A band of poisoners is believed to be at work on the railways in the northwest provinces. There have been during the past few months a large number of deaths in carriages among the native third class passengers traveling on the East Indian railway. The bodies are handed over by the railway authorities to the police, who dispose of them as expeditiously as possible. In most cases there is little or no property found on the bodies, not even railway tickets, and generally they are found in an empty carriage. These facts do not appear to have awakened the suspicions of the police, or perhaps they have recognized their incompetence to prevent or detect such crimes. As, however, the native passengers contribute over 90 per cent of coaching receipts, it is high time some efforts were made to afford them protection for their life and property.—Bombay Gazette.

SHE TURNED THE TABLES.

How a Little Homely Knowledge Saved a Young Lady Much Discomfort.

A young lady through her knowledge of housewifery rather turned the tables upon a would be jester one day and let that individual, who was of the male persuasion, into a little secret of considerable importance to those who have occasion to work in the kitchen as amateurs.

The two were members of a party visiting an Adirondack camp in the Saranac lake region. Every one was well acquainted, and the days passed merrily away until a heavy rainstorm drove the ladies and the less enthusiastic fishermen indoors and compelled them to seek other forms of amusement. The rain continued to fall almost without intermission for several days, and as a means to relieve the monotony the gentleman already referred to proposed that the various members of the party try their hand at cooking the next meal.

Permission was obtained from the host, the members of the party laughingly agreed to the proposition, and the guide, whose duty it was to act as cook, was for the time sent about other business. The gentleman acted as chef, and with a knowledge obtained from serving on the house committee of a prominent New York club proceeded to assign various work to his aids and appointed the young lady first vegetable cook for the express purpose of making her peel onions, the odor of which she loathed.

When the party adjourned to the kitchen to begin preparations, a large supply of strong odored red onions was brought to the lady, and she was requested to remove the outer cuticle. The acting chef and the others who had been let into the secret made merry over the supposed discomfiture of the first vegetable cook, but the latter smiled sweetly and uttered no protest.

"Bring me a deep pan," she said to her helper, and when this was produced she filled it to the brim with water. Then she tucked up her sleeves to the elbow, showing just the prettiest pair of arms in the world, and removing her rings set to work peeling the onions under water with a deftness that showed how familiar she was with the work and depriving it of all its offensiveness.

It was a revelation to the man, who had looked either for a vigorous protest, or had expected to see the eyes of the vegetable cook water from the effects of the onion juice. The amateur dinner was in every way a success, but none of the cooks achieved a greater triumph than the one whose practical experience showed to the others the common sense method of peeling onions.—New York Herald.

A Life Work.

Mr. Sutherland got hold of a prodigious Clarendon and Burnet and made it the richest and most extensive pictorial history in existence or ever likely to be in existence. He found nearly 19,000 prints and drawings for it and no less than 731 portraits of Charles I, 518 of Charles II, 352 of Cromwell, 273 of James II and 420 of William III. If, remarks Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we only think how few are the portaits of Charles I, and these mostly copies after Vandyke, we shall have an idea of the labor and exploration necessary to gather up the 731. Think also of the pains and cost in cleaning, "laying down," "insetting," and "inlaying" these portraits, the binding, arranging, etc., and we shall not be surprised to learn that this folly occupied the fanatical Sutherland such a lengthy portion of his life.

When finished, it filled 67 huge volumes and had cost £12,000! We may conceive all the visitings of print shops, the turning over boxes of prints, the groveling among winds and lanes, the correspondence and the endless paying of money! To give a finish to his labors a catalogue was prepared of all the engravings. This filled two great quartos. At Sutherland's death the work was carried on by his widow, who is reported to have given as much as £80 for a single plate!—Temple Bar.

He Liked to Be Late.

Brignoli never was known to be ready to go on the stage to sing his part. He had to wait one minute or several minutes before appearing. In this he was a great trouble to managers. "Just give me one minute more," he would beg, and when that was up he would plead for another and another till all patience was exhausted.—New York Tribune.

ROOT AND BRANCH, the poison in your blood, however it may have come or whatever shape it may be taking, is cleared away by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a remedy that rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and invigorates the whole system. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, and the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

Unlike the ordinary Spring medicines or sarsaparillas, the "Discovery" works equally well at all seasons. All the year round and in all cases, it is *guaranteed*, as no other blood medicine is. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only *for the good* you get.

Isn't it safe to say that no other blood-purifier can be "just as good!"

If it were, wouldn't it be sold so?

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hamilton, Warren, Pa.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL

Preparing for Its Reception at Chicago.

SOME LATE WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

Unveiling of a Monument of Columbus Erected by the World's Columbian Exposition—Zulus En Route to the Fair Capture the Train—Arrival of a Number of Girls for the Irish Industrial Village—Opening Day Arrangements.

CHICAGO, April 25.—The old Liberty bell, the same which proclaimed independence 117 years ago, is on its way to Chicago. When it reaches the World's fair city it will be given a warm welcome. Arrangements to this end are now being made, and they will be as elaborate as those for the reception of President Cleveland and the Duke de Varagua—possibly a little more so if the Chicago spirit can make it. Alderman Madden has the arrangements in charge. The alderman will see Colonel Koch and ask that some of the colonel's soldier boys be given as an escort. Colonel Judd will likewise be asked to turn out with his regiment and do honors. Then Major Stuart, in command of the Third battery, will be asked for some advice as to how the thing should be done.

Escort of Troops.

If possible, Alderman Madden will also try to prevail on the following troops to lend a hand: Hibernian rifles, Seventh infantry, Battery D, and Troop A. Substantial aid in making the reception a glorious success is also expected from the World's fair people. Many distinguished citizens will be requested to act as escort to the bell in its transit to the World's fair grounds. A heavy wagon will be secured and decorated with "Old Glory." Ten coal-black horses, caparisoned in proper style, will draw the wagon. The bell will reach Chicago about 9 o'clock Friday night. Early Saturday morning it will be loaded on the wagon and with the escort be taken to Jackson park. The line of march of the old bell will be over Madison street to Michigan avenue and Drexel boulevard to Fifty-seventh street and to the grounds.

MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS.

Erected by the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 25.—The bronze monument to Christopher Columbus, erected by the World's Columbian exposition on the lake front, at the foot of Congress street, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The idea of erecting this monument emanated from a sentiment that there should be a suitable and lasting memorial of the exposition which would stand after the World's fair buildings shall have been torn down. The movement was given impetus at a meeting of the board of directors held Nov. 27, 1891, at which a resolution appointing a committee to secure the necessary ordinance and ascertain the cost of the work was passed.

Designs were submitted to the committee by famous sculptors, and the work finally awarded to Howard Kretchmar of Chicago. The height of the statue, which is of heroic size, is twenty feet. Its pedestal of Maine granite is thirty feet, making a total altitude of fifty feet. The figure has had the approval of many artists and critics and is said to be the largest bronze statue in the United States. The monument cost $40,000 and will revert to the city of Chicago at the close of the fair. It was unveiled by the little daughter of Ferd W. Peck. Mayor Harrison and others spoke.

Russia's Exhibit for the Fair.

BALTIMORE, April 25.—The Danish steamer Gorm, containing the Russian exhibit for the World's fair in 2,338 cases, has arrived here from Libau by way of Shields, England. She left Libau March 31. The captain of the steamer stated that the value of his cargo was £1,000,000 and that among the articles are eleven packages from the imperial government which were insured for 490,000 roubles, or about $231,000. There are seven boxes of diamonds from the Eural mountains and other districts in the Russian empire. The exhibit also includes valuable pieces of Russian statuary, paintings and other specimens of the fine arts.

Zulus Captured the Train.

CHICAGO, April 25.—A train load of Zulus on the Illinois Central railroad, bound for the World's fair, took possession of the train and imprisoned the conductor and brakeman in the baggage car. The savages claimed that one of their number had lost some property and they held the trainmen responsible. A wagon load of policemen met the train at Sixty-first street and quieted the savages and rescued the imprisoned railroad employes. The Zulus were then transferred to the fair grounds.

The President Will Be First.

CHICAGO, April 25.—The World's fair ceremonies committee has decided upon plans for seating the visitors on the platform at the opening ceremonies. President Cleveland comes first, then the descendants of Christopher Columbus, followed by the members of the cabinet and other dignitaries. The board of lady managers have decided to celebrate the opening of the Women's building in Music hall. Only a limited number of invitations will be issued.

Arrival of the Irish Girls.

CHICAGO, April 25.—Twenty-two Irish lassies, who are to take part in the Irish industrial village, have reached Chicago, represented by Miss H. A. Charlton, the matron. Three Irish boys were also in the party. Lady Aberdeen, who has charge of the village, left Queenstown on the Teutonic last Thursday and is expected in Chicago Saturday. The girls are stopping at the convent on Twenty-ninth and Wabash avenue, where they are to remain temporarily.

May 1 a Holiday.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 25.—Governor Altgeld has issued a proclamation declaring next Monday, May 1, a holiday in honor of the opening of the World's fair at Chicago.

Strike Declared Off.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 25.—The Santa Fe mechanics' strike which has been in force since Saturday, April 8, was declared off after a half day's conference between the Santa Fe men and their employers. The company retains the new men employed recently, but will give those strikers for whom there are no places the preference in hiring new men hereafter.

INDIANS GIVEN A LESSON.

Bloody Battles Between Stock Thieves and Cowboys.

DENVER, April 25.—A Green River special to The Republican says: The battle between the Elk mesa cowboys and the band of Navajo cattle thieves was more serious than first supposed and was the culmination of a long series of outrages between the young bucks of Hoskiniui's band. For three years past, since the Indians were forced to move their stock off the succulent feed on Elk mesa there have been frequent inroads on the cattlemen. Bill Hyde's trading post at Bluff City has twice been pillaged. During the San Juan gold excitement prospectors who were forced to cross a portion of the reservation suffered severely. The Navajo's are rich in stock and have no occasion for encroaching on the settlers. Their natural deviltry and long immunity from punishment has rendered them reckless.

There were thirty bucks in the band, headed by Chief Crow's Eye, which crossed the San Juan last Sunday night. Word reached the Knowies outfit when they were out on their horse round-up, and only mustered fourteen men. The messenger they sent to White Canon for reinforcements was intercepted at Soldier crossing, on the identical spot where United States scouts were ambushed and slain by the western Ute renegade band five years ago. The courier's horse was taken from him, but he started off unarmed and afoot for camp, twelve miles distant, only to find his companions gone, led off by a false rumor. Securing another horse, he overtook them on the Hall's Crossing road, near the Clay Hill's divide. This party then made all haste to Conettwash, where the stock water. In the meantime Kid Johnson's party had encountered the Indians driving a big bunch of cattle toward the Wash. The scrimmage was short and disastrous to the cowboys.

Johnson was fatally wounded and Billy Sawtell badly hurt. Fearing arrival of reinforcements the Indians hastened to ford the San Juan north of Clay, Wash. Johnson and Sawtell were carried back to the home ranch. The party reinforced pursued the fleeing savages, who were now on their reservation. Another affray occurred in which two braves were killed and Jack Blair, a half-breed, badly hurt. The cowboys recovered nearly all their stock. The Indians have received a lesson which it is thought they will respect for a time at least. The stockmen are now thoroughly aroused and will be prepared to summarily deal with any future deprecations.

HE DIED FOR LOVE.

Sensational Suicide of a Minister at Columbus, O.

COLUMBUS, O., April 25.—A most sensational suicide took place when Claude Wilson, on eloquent young divine of the Methodist Episcopal church, died from a dose of rat poison. Wilson had a charge at Shawnee, where he showed a high gift of eloquence, but his eyes failed him and he had to return to the house of his father, John Wilson, a prominent citizen. The young man was in love with Miss Carrie Kingston, and the two were engaged.

The young lady thought the wedding should be postponed until Wilson had recovered, and, the two quarreling over the matter, she broke the engagement. Wilson called on her and said if she did not marry him at 10 o'clock next morning he would kill himself. At the hour named he put in an appearance and was ordered away by the young lady's brother Frank. The preacher drew a revolver and was promptly knocked down. Wilson crawled to the porch, arose, and dramatically swallowed the poison. He died in a short time.

The Kaiser and the Pope.

ROME, April 25.—It is known that the pope and the German emperor discussed questions relating to the Roman Catholic church in Germany, and especially the attitude of the Center or Clerical party toward the imperial policy. The emperor's friendly conversation and his valuable gift of a snuff box bearing his portrait, surrounded with diamonds, to Cardinal le Dochowski, prefect of the propaganda, are much commented upon. Cardinal le Dochowski represents the Vatican party, which favors the triple alliance, as opposed to the policy of Cardinal Rampolla, papal serist, which is French in its tendency. The meeting is also regarded as making fresh steps toward the conciliation of the Prussians and Poles.

Grant Memorial Services.

GALENA, Ills., April 25.—Notwithstanding the inclement weather of the last week large delegations from the surrounding counties in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin have signified their intention of visiting Galena Thursday to attend the Grant memorial services. Excursion trains will run for their accommodation on the four roads centering here. Among the musical organizations engaged for the occasion is the Weber quartette of Rockford, Ills., that bears the distinction of having sung at the inaugural ceremonies of President Harrison four years ago.

Must Pay His Poll Tax.

KANSAS CITY, April 25.—Judge Gibson has decided that B. T. Whipple must pay the city $2.50 and interest, the poll tax imposed by the city charter upon every male person over the age of 21 who fails to vote at any general city election. The suit was a test case and its outcome will bring thousands of dollars into the city treasury. According to the charter provision all moneys collected under it must be devoted to sanitary purposes. The tax imposed by the charter is remitted when it is shown by the person taxed that he has voted.

Upholds Infant Damnation.

PHILADELPHIA, April 25.—Rev. Dr. Dickey, one of the best known Presbyterian preachers of this city, astonished the Philadelphia presbytery by his argument upholding the old creed of infant damnation. He declared that if the presbytery were to strike that clause from the creed and accept the doctrine that infants who die before being baptized are saved mothers would feel justified in killing their babes to save their souls. The mothers, Dr. Dickey said, would regard infanticide as a service to the Lord.

Smokeless Powder a Failure.

BERLIN, April 25.—All the smokeless powder made in Russia during the last eight months has been found to become useless shortly after having been stored. Efforts are making to remedy the defect, but so far they have been fruitless.

Anson's Team at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, April 25.—The Chicago team has arrived in charge of Captain Anson. They are in fine trim and propose to wipe up the earth with the Cincinnatis at the opening game of the season Thursday.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

What the Law Makers Are Doing at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, April 19.—The senate sent to third reading the bill to authorise assistant deputy wardens to act in the place of their superior officers in the absence of the latter from their posts at the penitentiaries of the state. A resolution was offered and laid over for an investigation of the Lincoln park board, of Chicago. A bill was introduced fixing the pay of members at $800. No quorum present and senate adjourned.

In the house a letter was received from Mrs. J. G. Blaine thanking the legislature for the sympathy extended the bereaved family upon the death of Secretary Blaine. An attempt to non-concur in a report adverse to the appropriation of $25,000 for a monument to Illinois soldiers was defeated. A resolution was adopted to establish a naval school on Lake Michigan at Chicago. A number of committee reports were read and concurred in. The most of the day was taken up in trying to avoid the tangle of last week, the Republicans insisting on the regular order and the Democrats not having enough votes present to set it aside.

SPRINGFIELD, April 20.—There was a long contest in the senate over the Berry anti-pool selling bill. It was a special order and as soon as it came up a motion to recommit was made in order to afford opportunity to amend it. Berry said he was tired of foolishness; every senator knew how he intended to vote and the issue should be met squarely. It was finally sent back to the judiciary committee. Two other anti-pool selling bills took the same course.

The house listened to reading of bills the third time and then continued the struggle over the senatorial apportionment until the Democrats got a full house and had the journal approved so as to show that the bill had been read the first time and referred. In the senate a joint resolution was introduced asking the president to withhold the ratification of the Russian treaty, or give notice of its termination, if it provides for extraditing men for offenses triable by military or summary process.

SPRINGFIELD, April 21.—The house made the bill for sanitary districts along rivers subject to overflow a special order for Wednesday next. The commerce committee was instructed to report not later than Tuesday next the resolution regarding a survey of the Cache and Kaskaskia rivers. Republicans objected to making the Stringer educational bill special order for Thursday next, and it will have to come up in its regular place. Forty or fifty petitions favoring woman suffrage were presented. The Carmody anti-pool-selling bill was made special order for Thursday next. The bill to abolish the fish commission was sent to first reading notwithstanding an adverse committee report. The bill appropriating $150,000 for the state fair was read a first time and made special order for Thursday next.

SPRINGFIELD, April 21.—The senate has made a special order for third reading next Tuesday the bill abolishing the publication in newspapers of the ballot of township elections. The bill providing for the assessment of the tangible property of the coal companies and exempting their capital was sent to third reading; that appropriating money for a World's fair exhibit by the Horticultiual and Bee Keepers' societies was sent to second reading. A bill requiring that life and accident insurance companies procure certificates was sent to third reading. A number of bills were introduced.

It was no trouble at all in the house to adopt a motion that when the house adjourned it do so to Monday evening. The rules were suspended to enable the statesmen to introduce some more bills, and fifteen were sent up to the clerk, one of which fixes the pay of members at $1,000 for regular sessions and $300 for specials. The bill to prevent deception in the sale of artificial butter was made special order for Thursday next. One of the bills introduced provides for "parental" schools in cities of 40,000 and more population, the pupils to be those "run in" by the truant officers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 25.—Both houses of the legislature met on time without a quorum and adjourned without transacting any business.

THREW HERSELF IN THE RIVER.

Suicide at Milwaukee of a Girl While Badly Frightened.

MILWAUKEE, April 24.—Passers-by heard desperate calls for help issuing from a coalyard on the river, near the Cherry street bridge, and immediately afterwards saw a young woman throw herself from the dock into the river. When the girl was taken from the water life was extinct. The body was taken to the morgue and identified by her father as that of Mindie Leweck, aged 22. As the girl had left home to buy some tickets for a theatre and afterwards called on a friend, showing the best of spirits, the theory of suicide is thought improbable.

Taking into consideration the calls for help, the theory of the police is that some ruffian forced the girl from the badly lighted thoroughfare into the coalyard and then attempted to assault her. As a last resource, and frantic with fright, she jumped into the river. What strengthened this theory is the circumstance that a short while ago the same thing happened to another girl, luckily without the tragic result, as the assaulter was scared away by some people rushing to the rescue of the victim.

The Mexican Bandits.

CHIHUAHUA, April 24.—Little reliable information is to be obtained in regard to the bold depredations of a band of over one hundred brigands in the western part of this state, in the Sierra Madre mountains. The report that the brigands have captured the villages and held up a mule train loaded with $30,000 worth of silver bullion have been confirmed. The government troops are very active and have now sufficient reinforcements, it is thought, to wipe the band out of existence, if they can only be cornered.

Shortage in a Priest's Accounts.

BUTTE, Mont., April 24.—The Catholic congregation here is stirred from center to circumference over reported irregularities of Father Van Deven in handling church funds. He left a short time ago for Belgium. His successor, Father Dosier, refused to take charge until an accounting could be had. Further inquiry developed indebtedness of $45,000. It transpires that the priest used the church funds in real estate and mining speculations which did not pan out.

Liberty Bell Coming West.

PHILADELPHIA, April 24.—The bell whose clang electrified the world and announced to the universe the freedom of the American colonies, has started upon its journey to the Columbian exposition.

DROWNED LIKE RATS.

Frightful Disaster on the Lake at Milwaukee.

WATER WORKS CRIB WASHED AWAY.

Twenty-Three Men Were Employed There Working in the Tunnel, and of That Number Only One Escaped, the Others Being Drowned by the Flood of Water Which Swept in Upon Them When the Crib Was Carried Away.

MILWAUKEE, April 20.—In a gale, which for years has not been equaled on the great lakes, the crib at the end of the intake tunnel, situated some 3,000 feet out in the lake, was washed away; of twenty-three men who were employed there in the shaft which reaches to the shore, but one is now known to be alive. The balance are believed to have been drowned. Some were doubtless washed off by the huge billows which have been tumbling on the shore, and others perished in the air-shaft, where they sought shelter and which is now filled with water. The following were known to be on the crib: Michael Dwyer, engineer; Jack McBaine, engineer; George Gregg, lockman; Joseph Mueller, miner; William Priestly, miner; Joseph McCarthy, miner; Eben Allen Cook, George Wholly, miner; Fred Spanner, miner.

Only One Saved.

At noon the tug Welcome took a lifeboat in tow and steamed out into the furious waves where the lifeboat was cast loose and set out on its perilous journey to the crib. It was frequently hidden from view in the hollows of the great waves, but being equipped with self-bailing apparatus it suffered no harm and made the trip in safety. Only one man was found alive at the crib. The only man saved is J. Miller, who came from Chicago some time ago. He is unconscious, but may live. He was found by the men on the lifesaving boat after landing on the wrecked crib. Two dead bodies were found floating around in the air-shaft, which was full of water. The other men who perished number twenty-two, and were doubtless washed away by the fury of the waves, although no bodies have as yet been washed on to the beach.

In Other Parts of the State.

Nor was the storm confined to Milwaukee or the lake shore. Reports from all points in the state indicate that the gale was widespread and the velocity of the wind almost unprecedented. The wind blew forty-eight miles an hour here Wednesday night. Three hundred feet of the government breakwater is washed away. This means a loss of a good many thousands of dollars. The schooner Lorraine of Racine, bound for Racine, went ashore off the city early in the morning and is pounding badly. Three men comprising the crew were taken off at 3 o'clock by the life-saving crew.

FORCED OUT BY FLOODS.

The Red River of the North Doing Considerable Damage.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., April 24.—The Red River of the North is 42 ft. 6 in. above the low water gauge and is still creeping upward. For miles north of this point the ice is still solid, and a gorge may form at any moment which will flood millions of acres of the Red River valley. A large number of families of this city were forced to move by the encroaching flood. A number of houses, which formed a portion of the settlement in the rear of the Gotzian block, were carried down the stream against the trestle work approaches of the Great Northern bridge. Considerable quantities of wreckage, small houses, barns, and outbuildings, trees and carcasses of dead animals are floating down past the city.

Boycotting a Railway.

FORT DODGE, Ia., April 24.—A formal boycott of the Illinois Central railway has been declared by the business men of Fort Dodge. Mayor Granger is circulating a paper, which is already signed by all the heavy shippers of the city, all signers agreeing not to do any freight or passenger business with the Illinois Central railway after May 1 unless the railway takes immediate steps to build new passenger and freight depots here. It is expected that nearly every merchant in the city will sign the agreement, which will mean a yearly loss to the Illinois Central of about $100,000 unless the demands of the city are complied with.

Idaho Town Fire Swept.

SEATTLE, April 21.—A Wardner, Ida., special says: The business portion of this city is in ruins and hundreds of people are homeless. Fire started in Lamson's clothing store and the wind scattered the blazing cinders everywhere, and in a short time the whole square was a roaring furnace, and, owing to the heat, the firemen could not get near the buildings. Panic seized upon a portion of the crowd and men and women rushed frantically about in all kinds of costumes, carrying their goods to a place of safety. The total loss is estimated at between $650,000 and $700,000.

Fatal Runaway at Atlantic City.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., April 24.—A horrible runaway accident occurred here in which Miss Ella, the youngest daughter of Mark Malatesta, proprietor of the Malatesta hotel, was injured so badly that she died half an hour later. Mrs. John Danneback, the wife of a Philadelphia liquor dealer, suffered a fracture of her left leg and was otherwise injured about the body.

Eight Men Lost on the Lake.

CHEBOYGAN, Mich., April 24.—Wreckage from some large lake vessel, believed to be the schooner Newell A. Eddy, has been coming ashore along Hammond's bay, twenty miles east of Cheyboygan. It is considered certain that there were no survivors from the wreck, else they would have appeared here long before this. Eight men were on board of her.

Signed the Extradition Treaty.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—A cable message received at the state department states that the emperor of Russia has signed the extradition treaty between the United States and Russia, and that the ratifications have been exchanged by the United States minister and the Russian foreign office.

Against the Edison Company.

ST. LOUIS, April 21.—In the United States court of appeals a decision in the case of the Edison Electric Light company against the Columbia Incandescent Lamp company was given against the Edison company and in favor of the Columbia Incandescent company.

REV. SUNDERLAND HONORED.

Celebrating the Fortieth Anniversary of His Pulpit Life.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Forty years ago the Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland was installed as pastor of the First Presbyterian church. What his services in that field has been was testified to by a celebration of which he could justly feel proud. In the lecture room of the church was gath-

REV. DR. BYRON SUNDERLAND.

ered the congregation that has grown up around the veteran pastor, for the members yet living who greeted him on his installation could be counted on the fingers of the hand.

Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Kelly opened the exercises with prayer, Rev. Dr. Samuel V. V. Holmes, assistant pastor of the church presiding. A congratulatory address was delivered by Rev. Dr. William A. Bartlett of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church. As the doctor's golden wedding is near at hand the speaker wished him the same felicitous celebration on that occasion as was called forth upon the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate. An address was also made by Elder O. C. Wight, the only surviving male member of the church when Dr. Sunderland came to it. There were many other speakers and a letter from Mrs. Cleveland.

Funeral of Mrs. General Hancock.

NEW YORK, April 24.—The funeral of Mrs. Almira Russell Hancock, widow of General Winfield S. Hancock, took place at the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration (the "Little Church Around the Corner), in East Twenty-ninth street. The Rev. George H. Houghton, rector of the church, officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. E. H. Goodman, of Governor's island, Mrs. Hancock's former pastor. At the close of the service the body was sent to St. Louis for interment in the Russell family plot in Bellefontaine cemetery in that city.

Cyclone in Virginia.

SOUTH BOSTON, Va., April 24.—A terrific cyclone passed over here. The large tobacco factory of Marwood & Co., was completely demolished, causing a loss of $40,000. At Danville, Va., telegraph and telephone wires were blown down and many trees uprooted and great damage was done. At Martinsville Semple's tobacco factory and Lester's factory were unroofed and great damage done to stocks of tobacco. Reidsville, Ruffin, Greensboro, and other towns in North Carolina have severely suffered from the storm.

Whitecaps in a Chain Gang.

CARROLLTON, Ga., April 24.—Nine of the men recently convicted as Whitecaps were sentenced to twelve months each in the chain gang. The other two were boys and got off with six months each. Among the convicted are Jesse Brooks, Sr., a prominent farmer over 50 years old, and Dr. Dan Rogers, quite a prominent physician of his neighborhood.

Fire at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 24.—The two five-story brick buildings, 1020 and 1022 Market street, occupied by the Keystone Auction company and J. B. Shannon & Sons, respectively, were badly damaged by fire. The loss to Shannon & Sons is about $85,000, on which there is $60,000 insurance. The auction company's loss is $15,000, with $10,000 insurance.

Max Judd Strikes a Snag.

VIENNA, April 24.—Count Kalnoky, the Austrian premier, has given notice to American Minister Grant that the Austrian government will not grant an exequatur to Mr. Max Judd of St. Louis, appointed by President Cleveland consul general of the United States at Vienna.

Would Benefit Canada.

MONTREAL, April 24.—J. C. A. Delima, Brazilian consul, said Saturday if President Cleveland revokes the American-Brazilian reciprocity treaty it will be a benefit to Canada, as Canadian goods would then be admitted to Brazil on equal footing with the United States.

Killed by a Mine Cave-In.

SOMERSET, Pa., April 21.—The coal mine at Milford Station has caved in, instantly killing George Yinkey and severely injuring his helper, George Miller. A large stone struck Yinkey on the breast. He was 32 years old and unmarried.

Fire at St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, April 24.—Fire in the six-story building on Fourth street, occupied by Sheffer & Rossum, wholesale saddlery, harness and hardware dealers, damaged stock to the extent of $30,000 and buildings to the extent of $1,500.

Earthquake Shocks in Sicily.

ROME, April 24.—A severe earthquake shock occurred at Milazzo, on the north coast of Sicily. The shock was followed by several others equally as severe. What damage, if any was done, has not been reported.

In a Receiver's Hands.

PHILADELPHIA, April 21.—The Pennsylvania Steel company has gone into the hands of a receiver.

Thieves broke open the safe in the post-office at Lakewood, N. J., and took stamps to the value of $2,500 and $300 in cash. They also took the postal note book, which is of great value.

The value of silver ore shipped from Creede, Col., in February is estimated to have been $850,000. The silver output of Colorado was increased last year by 3,000,000 ounces.

Charlton W. Harris, in a quarrel at Ross Station, St. Landry parish, La., shot and seriously wounded Owen Heath. Russell and John Heath pursued Howard and were also shot, Russell being killed and John seriously wounded.

G. M. Heldt has just entered as a student in the agricultural department of the University of Georgia. This venerable freshman is 63 years old.

Chris Kahn was struck and killed by a snow plow on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road at Whittemore, Ia.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

Colonel Seth Shepard was indorsed by the Dallas, Tex., Bar association for associate justice of the court of appeals. He will be given a banquet before leaving for Washington.

George W. Smith & Sons, lumber dealers, also under the firm name of the Niagara Manufacturing company and of the Vincent Cycle Manufacturing company, bicycle manufacturers, Buffalo, have made an assignment. Liabilities, $100,000; assets unknown.

John W. Cochran died at Elkhart, Ind., from the effects of too much cigarette smoking.

Max Slade, a boy 8 years old, was drowned while bathing near Carlyle, Ills.

Mr. Walter Besant is one of the English authors intending to visit the World's fair at Chicago this summer. He will attend the literary congress to be held there.

Verdict for $2,500 was awarded Ann S. Fleagle against the city of Cedar Rapids, Ia., for injuries received by falling on a defective sidewalk.

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Joseph F. Pritchard, a newspaper man of Belleville, Ills., was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary for bigamy.

M. L. Collins, a groceryman of Terre Haute, Ind., committed suicide. It is thought that illness had deranged his faculties.

Thomas McDonald was arrested at Duluth on the charge of having set fire to the Armour Packing company's warehouse.

Joseph Kausler, a farmer living near Jackson, Miss., was shot and killed by Joel Johnson. The quarrel was over a negro whom Kausler had hired from Johnson's farm.

John Young was fatally injured in a fight with Charles Seibert at Indianapolis. They had quarreled over a woman.

Lew Murphy, postmaster at La Gro, Ind., has been declared of unsound mind and ordered taken to the Long Cliff asylum.

The pay train on the Chicago and Indiana Coal railway was thrown from the track two miles north of Brazil, Ind. The engine was damaged and the occupants of the train were shaken up and bruised.

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Napoleon Levite, the Charleston, S. C., wife-murderer, has been reprieved until May 10 by the governor.

A possible successor to Phillips Brooks, at least looked upon as available, is the Rev. Father Arthur C. A. Hall, who worked for twenty years in Boston, though recalled to England by his order two years ago. He is, of course, a high churchman.

Miss Lola Scott of Rushville, Ills., eloped from her home and married a young actor, W. R. Todd of the Raymond Company. Neither party is of age.

Attorney General Olney has appointed Edwin Corr of Bloomington, Ind., assistant district attorney for the state of Indiana.

Marquis Enrico Ungaro, the Italian World's fair commissioner, resembles the King of Italy so strongly that he has frequently received in Italy homage intended for his sovereign. The marquis married an American girl, Miss Ida Beals, the daughter of Horace Beals of New York.

Robert Gray of Bloomington, Ills., was arrested charged with attempt to poison the family of his neighbor, S. B. Pius, by putting Paris green in his well.

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The Clinton Natural Gas company of Frankfort, Ind., has sold its plant to the Indiana Natural and Illuminating Gas company of Indianapolis for $180,000.

Rachel Coz, a deaf mute, was run over and killed by a passenger train at Paris, Ills.

Robert H. Merryman of Marinette, Wis., is low with typhoid fever at Lookout Mountain, and his recovery is very doubtful.

Henry Barteels of Marshfield, Wis., has received an appointment as cadet to West Point.

Frank Wideman of Milwaukee fell between two freight cars on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad at Kenosha, Wis., and was killed.

Mr. David M. Jordan, of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by **HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.**

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the kidneys had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 29, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Fanny Davenport.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Fencing Master."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

BUTTING AGAINST THE GATES OF GOLD.

The American Protective Association—which is the Orange Society of Ireland under a respectable name—has for its object the exclusion of all Catholics from office in this country. This infamous organization is said to be stronger in the Western States than elsewhere in America. Many deluded Scoto, and Anglo, Americans have joined it—something they will be heartily ashamed of in after years. History teaches no lesson to bigots. The bigot would be exalted by calling him a beast, because the poor brutes of the field and forest have no religion, and, when they harm each other, they do it either for sustenance or self-preservation. The man who hates his fellow man, because he differs from him in religious belief, is a fiend. Not a spark of God's grace has ever entered his benighted soul. There are men so devoted to their particular creed that they are sorry for all their brethren who do not profess it—honestly believing that their immortal souls are in danger; but the true Christian, of any denomination, knows no such feeling as hatred toward the brother created, like himself, in the image and likeness of God. The Orange bigot is commonly a knave, who uses the name of religion as a pretext for murder and plunder. If all their fellow men, outside of their horrible order, became Protestants, they would become something else, in order to be in opposition for their own benefit.

The affected terror of the Orange-Knownothings in regard to papal supremacy in this country deceives nobody. They know perfectly well that the Pope, as a temporal force, receives no allegiance from Catholics in America or elsewhere. If he is insulted or assailed, because he is Pope, and spiritual ruler of the Catholic world, ordinary chivalry, not to speak of religious loyalty, would prompt every Catholic worthy of the name—every Catholic not a knave or a coward—to defend him. When bigots assail the Catholic church in its missionary functions—its most sacred functions in this country or any other—Catholics have a perfect right to use their privilege as American citizens, under the constitution and the laws, that are fair and impartial between citizens of all creeds, to protect their religion by virtue of their franchises as free men. They have the further right, if assailed by physical violence, to defend their lives and their liberties, and the men who would provoke bloodshed by conspiracy to persecute for conscience sake, in this free land, would be murderers in the sight of the law. It will never, we believe, come to this, but it did come to it in America in preceding generations, when our civilization was disgraced by the burning of Catholic churches, the outraging of Catholic priests, the wrecking of nunneries, and the cruel murder of Catholic citizens. What occurred once may occur again, but we believe it will not. If it should, the bigots will find that, ranked under the American flag, which is the flag of all of us, not of any section, however self-righteous and self-assertive, the Catholic citizens of America, aided by their Protestant fellow-citizens of good will, will know how to take care of themselves, and of their enemies also. Sheridan and Shields, Rosecrans and Meagher, showed, during the civil war, what the Catholic soldier was capable of accomplishing for union and liberty. There are millions more of the same stock in this country and they cannot be bullied out of their legal rights.

The aggressions of the A. P. A. are growing bolder. The clouds of bigotry grow blacker, but when they burst into a storm, it will be against those battlements, Christ guarded, which have withstood the earthquake shocks of paganism and the lightning bolts of heretical hatred during twenty centuries. Never is the Catholic church so grand as in the season of persecution—behind her, her glorious record as the Savior of Civilization—before her the sublime portals of the Immortal Kingdom. What Henry, nor Elizabeth, nor Gustavus, nor Luther, nor Cromwell could not shake is not to be shaken by the penny whistles of a band of paltry back-room conspirators. Where is Imperial Rome? Ask the gaping walls of the wrecked Coliseum, whose floors have drunk the blood of the Christian martyrs. It fought the church and fell. Where is the House of Tudor? Not a wrack of it survives. The last scion of it expired in the flames of spiritual despair, when Elizabeth gave up her affrighted ghost, as the first Stuart placed upon his head the re-welded crown of York and Lancaster. The Tudors fought the church and fell. Their seed withered in the pod. "The Queen of Scots hath a fair son, while I—I am but a withered stock," cried the "Virgin" Queen in a burst of impotent agony. The Stuarts were false to the church—all but the Second James, who struck unwisely and too late—and they fell. James I—an unnatural monster, who forsook his Catholic mother, did homage to her murderess, and apostatized from the faith of his fathers—died of a horrible disease of the palate, which was, according to contemporaneous history, too small to accommodate his ponderous tongue. Charles I, married to a Catholic wife—Henrietta Maria of France—allowed his man, Strafford of the "tiger jaws," called "Shaun Bwee" by the Irish, to dragoon his wife's co-religionists in Ireland, and Cromwell—another tyrant and Catholic oppressor, whose life and progeny were blasted by avenging heaven—afterward shortened him by the head with the axe of Tyburn. Charles II, who, like his grandsire, was the son of a Catholic mother, persecuted the Catholics of Ireland more or less during his infamous reign, and, on his deathbed, received a Catholic priest into his bed-chamber to shrive him free of his countless sins. His brother James, hampered by the iniquities of his predecessor, father and grandfather, was unable to stem the tide of bigotry, of which they had been the prime movers, and, in an honest attempt to make reparation, lost his crown and died in exile. His name, at least, is not associated with infamy.

William III., of Orange, another persecutor of the church, broke his neck while riding on horseback in a London park. His wife, Mary, James II's unnatural daughter, and a constructive apostate, died of the smallpox in the prime of her age and beauty. Her sister, Anne, another unnatural daughter and apostate, died of gluttony. George I., a patron of the penal laws against the Irish Catholics, died of a surfeit. George II., who was slapped in the face by the Irish Catholics at Fontenoy, and who exclaimed, "Accursed be the laws that deprive *me* of such soldiers," but who was, nevertheless, a consistent upholder of the laws he cursed, died of rupture of the heart—"the only occasion," says an English satirist, "in which God ever touched his heart." George III., who worshipped the inhuman penal code, died a raving mad man—a frightful spectacle of humanity degraded in its old age—in the Tower of London. George IV., who wept while signing the Act of Catholic Emancipation, in 1829, died of a complication of diseases, brought about by a misspent life, in the succeeding year.

The A. P. A. is the heir of this long line of bigots, and, like them, will pass away despised and discomfitted, while the Catholic church, persecuting nobody, but resolved not to be persecuted by anybody, will march along the straight and narrow road, on which the footprints of Christ remain to guide its course—even as the fire marks on the forest trees guide the traveler in the wilderness—to the dazzling gates of the New Jerusalem, inside of which its grand march will terminate, when the world that we know shall "slumber in the clouds, heedless of the voice of the morning." It would take a billion lines of battle, stronger each than the A. P. A. and its sympathizers, to bar for a moment the march of the Catholic church to the goal whose last boundary is the Throne Room of the Most High God; and even those billion lines, could they be mustered in armed array, would "melt like the snow in the glance of the Lord!" Christ himself carries the flag of his church, on which glitters the True Cross, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.

THE HON. ARTHUR DIXON.

All readers of THE CITIZEN will be pleased to learn that our much esteemed friend, fellow-countryman and fellow-citizen, the Hon. Arthur Dixon, is rapidly recovering from the trouble with his eyes which recently incapacitated him for business. The attack was not so serious as first reported, but was severe enough to call for the attention of the highest occulistic skill in the city. Mr. Dixon has always been a great favorite with all classes of people in this city, and his record as a public officer, in the state legislature and the city council, is without a blemish. He is among the most enterprising and successful of Chicago's splendid array of business men, who have so nobly aided in making it the great commercial emporium that it has grown to be. He is also one of the truest representatives of Home Rule Irish Protestants, and has ever been in strong sympathy with his Catholic fellow-countrymen in their patriotic aspirations. He is a type of those sturdy Protestant Irishmen whose good sense and humane disposition rebuked the insane Orangemen of Belfast in their attacks upon the Nationalists of the Belfast ship-yards, on Tuesday. THE CITIZEN hopes to be able to announce before long, Mr. Dixon's complete recovery from his disagreeable, and distressing, ailment.

REFORM THE UNITED STATES SENATE

The country is getting well stirred up over the infamous senatorial treaty of reciprocity with Russia in the matter of surrendering political fugitives. The senate of the United States has taken too much upon itself. It needs to be called down and turned down. It is, as a majority, composed of a very ordinary set of mortals, some stuffed with wind and others with wealth. The latter appear to predominate. Such a thing as a secret, executive session is an abomination in a putatively free country. It is the Russian system. Probably this is the reason why the senators are so friendly to the Czar and his fellow tyrants, kidnappers and murderers. Russia is back in the tenth century. Any country in which one ox of a ruler, called an emperor, can order, at any hour of the day or night, a man to be taken from the arms of his wife, from the kisses of his children, from liberty and the pursuit of happiness, for any offense, or for no offense at all, to be buried alive in the mines and wastes of Siberia, is outside the pale of civilization. The tyrant who occupies its throne is outside the pale of human sympathy. Anything his outraged subjects may do to overthrow him, and all like him, should evoke no hysterical sympathy in America. Think of the beastly enormity of Russian Czardom in this age—a thoroughly irresponsible authority, with power over the lives, not to mention the liberties, of millions of human beings!

THE CITIZEN sympathizes with the unfortunate Russian people, and the still more unfortunate Poles and Hebrews, who suffer under the same intolerable rule. It has no sympathy of any kind with the Czar and his ministers, who are his creatures and tools. He and they rule by the promptings of Satan, not by the inspiration of the all-powerful and merciful God. THE CITIZEN thoroughly indorses the noble speech made by the Hon. Murray F. Tuley at the mass meeting held in Central Music Hall last Sunday. Not a sentiment was uttered there, by any of the speakers, that an American citizen cannot indorse. If the villainous treaty has gone into effect, it is still worthless. There is no power in the Czar, or in the senate of the United States, that can override, or overawe, the free public sentiment of this country. Every true American spits upon the treaty, and will take pleasure in punching it so full of holes that its rascally provisions will become illegible. It is an entangling foreign alliance—alien to the spirit of American liberty, insulting to the noble advice of George Washington, base in conception, and, by virtue of our priceless freedom, inoperative from the moment of its birth. We want no fugitive slave laws for the benefit of Russia, any more than for the benefit of England, or any other power that seeks to perpetuate itself by making the soil it governs a hell upon this earth.

Let the senate be reformed. Let it be made elective by the people. As at present constructed it is a dangerous instrument of power abused, and should have no toleration in this land. Abraham Lincoln said, on the field of Gettysburg, that ours was "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." He must not be contradicted by the reactionary star chamber which has disgraced America by pooling issues with the most barbarous of human governments. The sooner the senate is made a popular body, the better, and the safer for liberty at home and abroad.

IGNORANT MR. BALFOUR.

Mr. Arthur James Balfour, in his closing speech against Home Rule, said, among other ill-digested things: "Ireland never had a parliament. Those classes who had had a parliament in Ireland did not now desire a parliament. If the government, in their madness, gave Ireland a parliament, they would not be restoring an ancient privilege, but would be granting Ireland something she never before possessed." For shame Mr. Balfour! Where, in God's name, did you study the history of Ireland? Have you forgotten the great parliament called in Dublin by King James II, in 1688-90, in which Catholics and Protestants, Celts and Saxons, Normans and Danes, had equal representation, according to population and wealth? It was thus that James II, whom England cursed and who has been very often unduly blamed by hasty Irish writers, recognized the inherent and undeniable nationality and independence, in a legislative sense, of Ireland. That splendid Irish—thoroughly Irish—parliament, raised twenty regiments of horse and dragoons, and fifty regiments of foot to fight in defense of the rights and liberties of the king, lords, commons and people of the Irish nation. For shame, again, Mr. Balfour! Get thee to a nunnery, or go and read up on Irish matters so that you may not disgrace yourself and your benighted colleagues by such a display of dark age ignorance. Can it be possible that no member of the Irish party thought of King James' Irish parliament? We are surprised at the omission of that party to perform one of the corporal works of mercy—the instruction of the ignorant. And, even after the Jacobite period, did not the Protestant Dungannon volunteers declare, and carry into effect the declaration, that "no power could bind the Kingdom of Ireland, but the king, lords and commons of Ireland?" Did not the same body declare, with only a couple of dissenting votes, that their Catholic fellow subjects should be given civil and religious liberty, thus recognizing their equality as fellow Irishmen? Indeed Mr. Balfour, it would be well for you to imitate Mr. Gladstone and "make excursions into Irish history." You will find truths there, favorable to Irish nationality, never dreamt of in your philosophy.

A CRYING CRIME AND SCANDAL.

If it is true, as stated by Mr. Trude and other members of the school board, that a large percentage of children receive only twenty-six months schooling for all their lives in this city, there is something radically wrong with their parents. What work, in the name of commonsense, can tots of seven, eight, nine and ten, up, in fact, to fourteen, perform? Are the girls sent out to peddle flowers in saloons—thus laying the foundation of incurable vice—and the boys to black boots or do other menial work? Are a large proportion kept home to act as nurses for younger children? What *is* the matter that such a state of barbarism, by confession of members of the school board, who ought to know, exists? What about subscribing money to civilize the foreign heathen, while, at our own doors, such a disgraceful state of affairs prevails? If the municipal authorities are powerless in the matter, why do not the clergymen of all the churches, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, unite in an effort to rescue the young plants of the republic from ignorance and consequent physical as well as mental degradation? Can there be a nobler mission than this? Twenty-six months schooling—just enough light to make darkness visible—and then blackness perpetual! Shame on our educators that such things can be in this age and country!

WASHRAG SMALLEY.

Poor George Washrag Smalley, the weeping willow of the New York *Tribune*, in London, is greatly shocked at the triumph of the second reading of the Home Rule bill. THE CITIZEN would like to know from Mr. Smalley the exact amount of Tory money he carries in his breeches pocket for the work he is doing for the coercionist party on this side of the water. It would be entirely too much to expect of so "smart" a man that he would be so anxious to keep in bondage a people who never injured him, and so "loyal" to the old, barbaric brute force party of England, free gratis and all for nothing. Mr. Smalley must be the paid agent of the English Tories. Like the Anglo-Irish members of Grattan's parliament, who voted for the legislative union, he must either have received hard cash or the promise of a peerage! Perhaps it is the latter—the Most (Ig)Noble George Washington Smalley, Duke of Ballyporeen [small(ey) potatoes town] in Ireland, and Marquis of Slushington, in England. Truly, there have been men ennobled by English governments for doing much less effective work than that performed by this wretched turncoat, who quarters the American shield on the buttocks of the British Lion.

Read what this pessimistic flunkey has to say in the paper he disgraces under date of April 22:

"If American opinion on Irish Home Rule were to be guided by pure reason and a real knowledge of the facts, I should be disposed to rest the case against the bill on Mr. Gladstone's three speeches for it. I do not disparage these speeches. They are masterpieces of political tactics, perfectly adapted to the inexorable necessities which peremptorily forbid anything like openness or clearness or large and statesmanlike handling of the question at issue. Mr. Gladstone's object is to carry Home Rule, and if Home Rule can be carried it must be now, as during the last seven years, by a policy of concealment and mystification.

"His first speech was an exposition of the machinery by which a Dublin parliament is to be set going. Let the American who understands, as all good Americans do, the relations between the States and the general government read that speech and believe, if he can, that Mr. Gladstone's is a workable plan. Let him study the bill and his doubts will be strengthened. Let him read the last two speeches. The second was a restatement of Mr. Gladstone's extremely legendary views of Irish history, backed by an appeal to sentiment. The third, that with which he wound up the debate last night, was an appeal to emotion. The distinction between emotion and sentiment is not too broad, but there is no other. Such is the argumentive basis upon which the house of commons, by a majority of forty-three, has affirmed the principle of this measure. Not once has Mr. Gladstone fairly faced the difficulties of this subject. One of his colleagues, the home secretary, did attempt that impossible; but Mr. Asquith, with his youthful zeal and his legal mind, perceived that to grapple in detail with the objections which his chief had evaded, was beyond his province and his power. He took refuge in generalities."

The three most bitter enemies Ireland has had in London are Hurlbut, the masquerading fraud, now avoiding arrest on a disgraceful charge; Bartlett, Baroness Burdett Coutts' marital chattel, and this political fistula, Washrag Smalley. All three were born in America, and all three are more English than the English. They are a disgrace, not alone to the American name, but to liberty, progress and modern civilization.

THE SCHOOL VANDALS CHECKED.

THE CITIZEN is glad to observe that the influence of enlightened public sentiment, as expressed by the representative meeting of the people of Chicago, held at Central Music Hall Tuesday evening, and through other mediums, has had the effect of making the public school board modify its design of leveling down our educational system to the plane of coarse and material barbarism. There are a great many people in this city who would fain keep all our children in a common groove of ignorance of the best things in life, such as drawing, singing, music, and the languages most in use, outside of English. Wise modification of what are termed "the fads" is all right, but the original proposition to sweep away everything but the "three Rs" of the dark ages of education was insane upon its face. It could have originated only in narrow or ill regulated minds. If the design was to drive German from the public schools, why did not the anti-faddists say so manfully from the first? It is remarkable that the Irish have made no vigorous "kick" against the teaching of German, though, unfortunately, few of them learn it, and its most vigorous opponents have been kindred Teutons—the Scandinavians, led by Mr. Gunderson. The Anglo-Americans have also fought it, because they hold a superstitious reverence for what is called the English language—a mosaic borrowed from every people under the sun, and having all the faults and all the excellencies of its different, and almost innumerable, component parts. German, called by the English Saxon or Anglo-Saxon—the latter a fiction—is the solid foundation of the English tongue, so-called, and the next largest ingredients are bastard Latin and Norman French. In fact, in order to have a thorough knowledge of the vaunted English mode of speech, deep acquaintance with German, French and Latin is necessary. We believe in having all three taught in our public schools, with commonsense restrictions.

The best philologists of the world declare that a knowledge of Gaelic is the key to many of the languages defunct, or in a condition to become so. Next to the Germans, the Irish are the largest alleged "foreign" element in this city. Gaelic could be usefully taught in the high schools to such pupils as might desire to learn it. It has been indorsed by "chairs" in Antwerp, Heidelberg, Edinburgh and elsewhere in Europe—why not here? THE CITIZEN knows that some flunkey Irish will immediately cry out, "Oh this is nonsense!" It is because of such that we are often insulted by discrimination and left in the lurch. We have just as good a right to demand Gaelic instruction for such of our children as may desire it, as the Germans have to demand the Teuton speech for theirs. THE CITIZEN favors progress. It has unmitigated contempt for the non-progressive in education, because the more means of encouraging latent genius that are adopted in our schools, the better and broader the hearts and minds of our growing generation will become.

We have no fetichal reverence for the English language. It is ours only by accident, and we don't care a red cent whether it is the future tongue of America or not. Spanish, Gaelic, French or German would suit us just as well, and would be just as native to the soil as the harsh, if eloquent and expressive, jargon we make use of. We are sick and tired of hearing demagogues shout "Teach only the American language in our public schools." There is no American language—unless it be Cherokee, Chocktaw or Lacota. The American language has still to be built.

A TYPICAL TORY FOOL.

Among the representatives of the British colonial press, who are coming to the World's Fair, is a blooming Tory, named Lascelles Carr. This party has been interviewed on the Home Rule bill, and evolved from "the thick amber" of his brains the following:

"I cannot better describe Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill," he said, "than to liken its effect, if it were to become a law, to the reconstruction era in the Southern States of your own land. During that period of misrule the white people were humiliated by the domination of an inferior race. Their former slaves were put over them as their masters. Now this is just the aim and intent of Home Rule. It would mean that a million and a half of Protestant Irishmen, prosperous, educated, progressive and law-abiding citizens, would be put under the control of three and a quarter millions of illiterate, anarchical and poverty-stricken people. Theoretically the negroes ought to rule in most of your Southern States—they don't. Theoretically the three and a quarter millions of people I have described should govern—they don't, and never will, for they can't even govern themselves. The reason is plain. There are two distinct types in Ireland. In the North are the Anglo-Saxons, the kind of men that have ever been in the forefront of civilization and progress, who are never ruled but always the rulers. In the South are the Celts, a different and distinct type, who quarrel among themselves, and who have never shown the least capacity for self-government. What these people aim at is not Home Rule, but, really, the setting up of an independent nation. Mr. Gladstone is now in his intellectual dotage. The glamor of his great name has brought around him many followers who would otherwise reject his scheme. Yet I am convinced it will not become a law. We will settle upon some compromise. This is always the way we manage our differences in England."

This complacent libeler of the Irish race does not know that he is afflicted with a bad case of hydrocephalus. Irishmen, of patriotic proclivities, can well afford to smile at the venomous language of this conceited British donkey, whose ears must be of sufficient calibre to furnish sails for an ordinary caravel. The creature belongs to another age. Perhaps he is the Dodo, supposed to have become extinct; or he may be a "laughing jackass," escaped from antipodean woods, and having a good time in the carcass of a bewitched English Tory. Really he ought to be placed in the World's Fair museum as an archæological specimen, dating from before the flood. We, in America, are not used to his style of dogmatic assertion. There are some 15,000,000 of the Irish race in this country, inferior to no other class of citizens, and this race, if such a narrow creature had the capacity of insulting anybody, is insulted by his language toward the parent stem. We suppose the animal calls himself an Anglo-Saxon. If he represents that type of mankind, it, and not Gladstone, has reached the period of dotage. The professional "Anglo-Saxon" doesn't know enough to keep his frog mouth shut.

THE MOORE MONUMENT CELEBRATION.

The project for erecting a statue to Ireland's poet, Thomas Moore, in this city, has now taken tangible form, and the committee having charge of the matter feel confident of success. In order to form the nucleus of a fund for this patriotic purpose, a Moore musical and literary entertainment will be given at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, May 27. His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, is thoroughly in sympathy with the object, and has kindly consented to preside on the occasion. Addresses will be delivered by him and others. It is the intention of the committee to follow up the initiatory movement by process of subscription, until a sufficient fund is obtained to erect a monument to Moore worthy of his genius, of the land that gave him birth, of his kindred people in this country, and of the great and progressive city of Chicago.

DISGRACEFUL ANTI-JEWISH BIGOTRY.

It is pleasant to note that leading Irish-American, and Catholic, papers, like the New York *Irish World* and the *Tablet*; the Boston *Pilot* and the *New World*, of this city, have united in rebuking the senseless bigotry of the members of the Union League club of New York, who blackballed a highly respected Jewish gentleman of the Empire city, that applied for membership, a little while ago. Mr. Seligman, the rejected candidate, is spoken of as a young man of the highest character and accomplishments. THE CITIZEN joins its esteemed contemporaries most heartily in denouncing the un-American spirit of proscription that would cast a slur upon the ancient race and religion that gave to humanity, Abraham, Moses and the Prophets; Jesus the Savior of mankind; Mary, his mother; the twelve apostles; the sublime Paul, and the deathless teachings of the Old and the New Dispensations. Those hybrid Anglo-Americans, who think they own the respectability of this republic, are as un-American as they are unwise. They should have lived in the days of the tyrant John, King of England; or else they should migrate to the fiend-cursed dominions of the Russian Czar, where they could exercise their cruelty to their fellowmen, without risk of being considered bigots and barbarians. The father of Mr. Seligman, who had been a member of the club for many years, resigned his membership immediately after the insult to his son was announced. He was entirely right, and every Jewish member of the disgraced body should do the same.

RECENT dispatches from London and Belfast say that the Tory leaders, frightened, like Frankenstein, by their own monstrous creation, have appealed to the riotous Orangemen of the latter city to refrain from further acts of disorder. The Orange yokels, who visited London, at the invitation of Salisbury, Balfour & Co., have created so bad an impression that their patrons are anxious to get rid of them. The English, who have seen the Orange visitors, compare them to calcimined Zulus. If they don't go back soon, and keep quiet, the Tories confess that their savage appearance and gross misconduct, will advance the cause of Irish Home Rule among the Britons.

CLEARED SECOND FENCE.

The Home Rule Race-Horse Jumps Successfully Over the Chevaux-de-Frise of Tory Opposition and Lands Safely Inside the Barriers.

Second Reading of the Bill Ordered by a Majority of Forty-three—Closing Speeches of the Tory Chiefs and Mr. Gladstone.

Great Enthusiasm at the Announcement of the Result.

LONDON, April. 20.—The debate on Irish Home Rule was resumed in the house of commons today by T. Sexton, member for North Kerry. Mr. Sexton said that Belfast in nowise represented Ireland. It was a town which maintained a system of religious antagonism, to rival which they would have to go back to medieval days. The cry of civil and religious liberty in the North of Ireland was false and hollow, raised as it was against people with whom toleration was a point of honor. The Irish party did not trouble itself about getting up petitions. A majority in the United Kingdom had declared for Irish Home Rule. It was not logical or respectful to present petitions to the house of commons asking for a mandate contrary to the will of the majority of the electors of the United Kingdom. Dealing with the question of the retention of the Irish members in the imperial parliament, Mr. Sexton proposed that that question, with some others, be reserved for three years, the land question being reserved for that period. The imperial parliament would retain control of the commission fixing the purchase of land rents.

Under this proposal, he said, reserving the land question for three years, Ireland would have a far deeper interest in what happened in the English house of commons than in anything that could happen in the Irish legislature, for the most vital interests of Ireland were reserved under imperial control, for after Home Rule the most momentous question was that of land. In the sphere of administration the control of the police was all-important, so that, while such matters were reserved, to reduce the number or power of the Irish members in the imperial parliament would be, notwithstanding the granting of Home Rule, to lessen the influence of Ireland in her own affairs. It was therefore absolutely necessary that for the present the influence of the Irish members should remain undiminished. The house ought therefore to leave the Irish representation as it was, and when the Irish legislature came into its full powers at the end of six years then the question of representation could be dealt with.

Col. Sanderson, the special champion of the Orangemen of Ulster, closed the debate. He described Mr. Gladstone as the incarnation of Home Rule. Without the prime minister, he said, Home Rule would be as dead as Julius Cæsar. He denied flatly Mr. Sexton's assertion that the majority of the people favored Home Rule. The attempt to kill the Ulster movement by misrepresentation or ridicule, he said, would fail. He was confident that Mr. Redmond accepted the bill in the belief that its restrictions would prove ineffectual. Col. Sanderson closed with the prediction: "The bill will crumble to dust before the will of the united people."

Many Conservatives are signing a manifesto in which they proclaim their right to speak before the division and express the determination to persist in rising, if the sitting be continued through Friday night, unless the speaker allows the closure.

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LONDON, April 21.—The Irish Home Rule bill passed second reading tonight in the house of commons by a vote of 347 to 304 amid the cheers of the Gladstonians and the Irish members. The house had been crowed since early morning and great interest was shown in the debate, which was closed by A. J. Balfour for the opponents of the measure and by Premier Gladstone for the government. Early in the evening the debate was monopolized by minor members. Their speeches were featureless and by 9 o'clock the benches were more than half empty. At 10 o'clock Mr. Gladstone entered hurriedly, and, amid cheers, took his seat on the treasury bench. Members began to return rapidly. At 10:30 Mr. Balfour was received with cheers. All the members had meantime taken their places and the house waited expectantly for the heavy guns of the final debate on the second reading.

The house had not long to wait. Shortly before 11 o'clock Mr. Balfour rose to make the final attack on the bill. The leader of the opposition was never in better form. He charged the Liberals with attempting to lay the first stepping stone to a system of federation, and called the measure a "childish imitation of the United States Constitution." Mr. Gladstone's speech was a calm reply to the arguments against the bill. He was listened to attentively and heartily cheered when he concluded.

The division was taken on strict party lines. Every Nationalist member voted with the majority. The dissident Liberals, to a man, went with the opposition. The Prince of Wales, who had been an interested listener all evening, remained until the result of the division was announced.

THE FIRST MEMBER TO ARRIVE.

The members of the house of commons flocked to the house early to secure seats for the final encounter over the second reading of the Home Rule bill. Dr. C. K. Tanner, Nationalist member for Middle Cork, was the first to arrive, being present as early as 6 o'clock in the morning. Several other Nationalists and several representatives of the Ulster Unionists followed Dr. Tanner closely, and many other members were in their seats much more promptly than usual. Dr. Tanner had a special reason for being early, besides his interest in the Home Rule bill. He was intrusted with the pleasing duty of presenting to Prime Minister Gladstone, as soon as he should arrive, a beautiful bouquet of flowers sent from Ireland and accompanied by the inscription: "All blessings and power to the friend of poor and distressed Ireland. May God prosper you."

Upon the opening of business in the house William O'Brien, Nationalist member for Cork, asked if Mr. Gladstone had received a resolution adopted and signed by the mayor and aldermen of Cork approving the establishment of an Irish parliament in Dublin.

Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes, I had much pleasure in receiving the resolution, all the more as I am informed that it expresses the uniform views of all corporate bodies in Ireland."

T. W. Russell, the Liberal member who opposes Home Rule for Ireland, and who represents the south division of Tyrone, asked if Mr. Gladstone knew that half the members of the municipal council of Cork were absent when the resolution was adopted.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN EXCITED.

Mr. O'Brien sprang to his feet, and with considerable vehemence, said: "That is not a fact."

Mr. Gladstone calmly replied to Mr. Russell: "The resolution at least expresses the feelings of a great majority of the Irish municipal councils." Mr. Gladstone added that the Home Rule bill was certain to pass its second reading tonight, and that it would go to the committee May 4. This statement was received with cheers by the supporters of the measure.

Sir Henry James, Liberal Unionist member for Bury, addressed the house in opposition to the bill. He said that the premier had spoken of the wrongs of Ireland. What wrongs, asked Sir Henry, could not be remedied by the legislation of a democratic parliament? Surely the imperial parliament formed a democracy best able to settle Irish grievances. Apart from the control of the imperial parliament, to whom would the government of Ireland go? It would be in the hands of those now forming a majority of the Irish representatives—men drawn from the Land League and proved to be conspiritors against law. These men would take place and power with the determination to sweep out of Ireland the landlords whom they regarded as an English garrison.

"Talk of the bill as a final settlement!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "It is simply a measure to enable a section of Irish agitators to deal as they choose with the country. It is practically a repeal of the union and an epitaph on the supremacy of the imperial parliament. (Hear, hear.)

WOULD BRING THE LAW INTO CONTEMPT.

"Instead of being a message of peace between the two countries, it is a message of war. There might for some time be armed peace, but if it should require the interference of the military in order to enforce it, where could peace be? The bill surpasses the ingenuity of man in devising proposals to bring the law into contempt. There is not a man in Ireland who could not set its provisions at defiance. Neither could the judges enforce it. (Hear, hear.) Had the bill been explained to English constituencies the present government could never have obtained even a limited English minority in support of it, nor would the prime minister, who is trying to pass the measure solely by Irish votes, ever have again sat upon a government bench."

Sir Henry James was heartily applauded at the close by the Conservative and Liberal Unionist members.

Mr. Balfour rose shortly before 11 o'clock to make the closing argument against the bill. A longer period had never been occupied with the second reading of a bill, he said, than had been allowed for the present debate. The subject was of such transcendant importance, however, that nobody could say that the discussion had been too much prolonged. The Liberals might flatter themselves that they were only laying the first stepping stone to a system of federation. Some seemed even to court such an imputation. No man, however, had the audacity to come forward in the house with the details of such a plan. No man dared contend that within the narrow limits of the two islands four assemblies with four executives could be operative in harmony with one imperial parliament.

CALLS IT A CHILDISH IMITATION.

He, himself, could not believe that this childish imitation of the United States Constitution could ever commend itself to the judgment of the British people. (Cheers.) He, therefore, would put the federation idea aside, as not immediate to the discussion. The Home Rule bill had been brought forward to meet the Liberal party's necessities, which were connected with Irish agitation and Irish crime. (Hear, hear!) Never had such an important constitutional change been proposed with such flimsy reasons. Substantial arguments for the necessity of the measure could be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. Two of these arguments were that the union had failed and that coercion had failed.

Mr. Balfour then argued at some length to prove that coercion in Ireland had been productive of beneficent results and that under the last Salisbury cabinet the union was becoming tranquil. Agrarian crime in Ireland, he said, was a national disease of ancient growth. It was not a product of the union of Ireland and England. Such a contention ignored history. Agrarian crime began before the union, and after the union it had to be treated with the methods long used against it. Under the union the treatment had been more successful, and agrarian crime had decreased.

IRISH MEMBERS INTERRUPT BALFOUR.

Mr. Balfour was interrupted by confusion among the Irish members, and upon resuming his speech repeated with emphasis that agrarian crime was at its worst before the Union. This statement evoked loud cries of "No!" "False!" and "Shame!" from the Irishmen. Proceeding, Mr. Balfour said it was madness to look forward with the expectation of seeing agrarian crimes stamped out in the immediate future. Under wiser legislation in recent years this crime had decreased in virulence. (Hear, hear.) There was still much to be done for the Irish tenant farmers, but were the evils to be remedied the result of the Union? Since Ireland had been united with England the condition of both Irish farmers and Irish labor had improved immensely. It was absurd to hold England responsible for Ireland's woes, although it might be admitted that England had sometimes played a sorry part toward her sister country. Who could but feel disgusted with the creeping hypocrisy of the men who, although aware of the history of Ireland, threw upon England the responsibility for Irish wrongs?

Mr. Balfour contended that Ireland as a nation never had a parliament. Those classes who had had a parliament in Ireland did not now desire a parliament. If the government in their madness gave Ireland a parliament, they would not be restoring an ancient privilege, but would be granting the country something that she never before possessed. What answer had the government given to the argument that home rule would inflict injustice upon the British taxpayer? None. Nor had any minister dropped a word as to the military-geographical aspect of separation. Then what had been decided about securing the interests of the British creditor? What answer did the Unionists get when they asked about the so-called supremacy of the British parliament? Everybody knew that this would be only a paper supremacy. The Irish would have the real and the British the illusory supremacy. Could anybody imagine how the two majorities would work together?

A STEP TOWARD SEPARATION.

Mr. Balfour described the bill as a decisive step toward separation, although not a final one. To make it a law, he said, would lead ultimately to the disintegration of the empire. He next discussed in considerable detail the final aspect of the Home Rule bill. Ireland was not treated generously, he said, but the present proposals not only were ungenerous but would drive the country to bankruptcy. In justifying his recent speeches before the Ulster loyalists Mr. Balfour remarked that upon the principle that a reformed rake made the best husband an ex-Fenian might become a good administrator. The Irish member, however, even if converted from his old ways on many questions, never wavered on the land question. In 1886 the present prime minister had said it was a matter of honor to protect the landlords from confiscation of their estates, but in this bill this matter of honor had been forgotten. The bill, if passed, would entail loss and hardship upon all classes in Ireland. Irish ambitions would center in the new Dublin parliament. Irishmen would regard the imperial parliament as a foreign and defeated body. The Irish people would drink from the bitter and polluted stream of Irish history instead of the pure stream of English history. (Laughter.) The Protestants of Ireland ninety years ago had opposed the Union, but now were defending it. Why not hope then that a generation hence the Catholics, too, would be reconciled to it? "If you commit this great political crime," said Mr. Balfour in closing his speech, "you make yourselves responsible for an irreparable national disaster and all hopes of a peaceful and united Ireland will vanish forever."

PRINCES ARE ONLOOKERS.

Prolonged cheers and counter cheers followed this peroration. During the demonstration several of the conservatives left for luncheon and their places were filled almost instantly by waiting Nationalists. Prince Christian joined the Prince of Wales in the gallery and Sir William Harcourt took his place on the treasury bench.

As Mr. Gladstone arose to address the house the cheering was renewed. Like Mr. Balfour, he was in splendid form. His voice was clearer and fuller than before during the session and his movements gave evidence of unusual energy and earnestness. The principal weapons of the opposition, he said, were bold assertion, persistent exaggeration, constant misconstruction and copious arbitrary and baseless prophecies. True, there were conflicting financial arrangements to be dealt with, but among the difficulties nothing existed which ought to abash or terrify men desirous to accomplish a great object. For the first time in ninety years, the bill would secure the supremacy of parliament as founded upon right as well as backed by power. The Irish leaders before the whose house had accepted the bill in good faith. The opposition had evaded steadfastly the real question of the second reading, how must Ireland be governed if this bill be rejected? Lord Salisbury had asked for twenty years coercion, but as the policy of converting Ireland to Protestantism, inaugurated under Queen Elizabeth, had failed, down to the present time, what ground was there for hope that in but twenty years more it would succeed?

SEEKS TO CLOSE AN ANCIENT CONTROVERSY.

The late government had started with a majority of 120. Neither the children nor grandchildren of this generation would see such a majority again. Yet the whole fabric of their policy had failed, and what guarantee was there that it would not fail again? The present bill sought to close a controversy that had lasted for centuries. Under its provisions Ireland would start on a new basis with all the recollections of the past effaced. Everything hitherto demanded by Ireland had been refused, because she was viewed with distrust and disbelief. Her loyal acceptance of the present bill should cause distrust and disbelief to vanish. There had been no disaffection of the Irish mind since the door of hope had been opened. The persistent distrust of the Irish people despite all they could say, came simply to this—that they were to be pressed below the level of civilized mankind. When the boon of self-government was given to the British colonies, was Ireland alone to be excepted from its blessings? To deny Ireland home rule was to say that she lacked the ordinary faculties of humanity.

Mr. Gladstone's closing words were: "You cannot be surprised that we have undertaken the solution of this great question, and as on the one hand it is not the least of the arduous efforts of the liberal party, so on the other hand it will have its place in history—aye, and not remote, but early history—as not the least durable, fruitful and blessed among its accomplished acts."

Before the cheering ceased, George Bartley, conservative for North Islington, rose to continue the debate. Mr. Bartley was one of the opposition members who signed the manifesto declaring that they would stand on the right to participate in the debate on the second reading. He and the movement of which he was a part were quickly suppressed. Mr. Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, moved the closure, and it was adopted without division. Mr. Saunders, Radical for the Walworth division of Nevington, who threatened to bolt to the opposition, changed his mind at the last moment and went into the lobby with the ministerialists. As Mr. Gladstone returned from the lobby Liberals and Nationalists rose, cheered and waved their hats. John Redmond shouted "Three cheers for Parnell," but the only response was laughter(?).

The announcement that the bill had passed the second reading by a vote of 347 to 304 was the signal for more cheers and hat-waving. There was another demonstration when Mr. Gladstone left the house.

NEWS NOTES.

MR. M. J. KEANE, a popular young bachelor and well known business man, has been appointed by Mayor Harrison to fill the vacancy in the board of education, caused by the resignation of Miss Burt. We hope our friend Keane will be true to the traditions of his race, and champion the noble cause of higher education for the children of the poor as well as of the rich.

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THE Conservative members of the British parliament, who wish to withdraw the redcoats from Ireland, in order to allow the pot valiant Orangemen to "conquer" the rest of their countrymen, are unconsciously handing over their pets to certain annihilation. With the British army withdrawn, and the Orangemen in rebellion against the Irish parliament, there wouldn't be a grease spot of the Yellow Jackets left within six months.

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HON. W. C. GOUDY, the distinguished lawyer, fell dead of heart disease while sitting at his desk in the Chicago & Northwestern railroad's general offices, on Thursday morning. He had been in ill health for some time. He was in his 69th year.

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MR. SIEBEL, the famous New York sculptor, has just completed the statue of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, which is a testimonial of the priests of this city to his Grace. Those who have seen this work of art, which is now placed in one of the World's Fair buildings, and will be unveiled at the opening of the archdiocesan educational exhibit—which will occur simultaneously with the opening of the Fair—pronounce the statue an excellent likeness.

—

BELGIUM is having a series of riots that are fast assuming the proportions of a revolution. Labor troubles are the cause. The utmost confusion prevails in the little kingdom. There have been several collisions between the troops and the people in which many on both sides were killed. At latest advices, matters looked ominous in the extreme.

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PROFESSOR FOLB, the distinguished scientist, predicted earthquake shocks in the Ionian islands in February and March. They occurred. A week ago, he predicted even more violent shocks in Zante on the 17th. They were on time, and the city, with most of the island of that name, is ruined. The loss of life and property has been enormous.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Francis O'Shaughnessy," St. Louis, Mo.—Both Celt, soft, as "Selt," and Celt hard as "Kilt" are used by some of the best speakers. Our individual preference is for the soft sounding word, but the savants prefer the hard treatment of the pronunciation. Soft-shell Selt is good enough for us. Anybody who prefers the hard shell can gratify his taste without fear of committing a solecism.

GAELIC GAMES.

Undaunted by the chilly atmosphere and the threatening weather in the earlier part of the day, a large crowd turned out to witness the games of the Gaelic Athletic Association Sunday afternoon at their grounds, corner Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue. Much disappointment resulted from the failure of one of the clubs to put in an appearance, but after some delay their place was filled by a team composed of members of various other clubs present. This team, however, lacking concerted action, was rather badly beaten.

First on the programme was a football match, Davitts vs. Emeralds. The Emeralds not appearing the substitute team took their place. For a short time the result seemed doubtful, but after ten minutes' play the discipline of the Davitts began to prevail and they scored point after point in quick succession. At the conclusion of play the score stood: Davitts 7 points, Emeralds 0.

Next was a hurling match, Innisfails vs. Finertys. When those teams lined up in the center of the field a glance sufficed to tell the observer that an exciting contest might be expected. Few, however, hoped to see such an exhibition of scientific hurling as was witnessed. Although the Finertys showed training much inferior to that of the Innisfails, which accounts for the large score of the latter, their individual play was excellent. At the call of time the score stood; Innisfails, 4 goals, 9 points; Finertys, 1 point.

In the football match, P. D. Fitzgerald, of the O'Briens, acted as referee, and John Furlong, of the Davitts, officiated in a similar capacity in the latter match, both gentlemen giving general satisfaction.

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Other Gaelic News.

A meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held on Monday night at No. 94 Dearborn street. In the absence of the president, Mr. J. J. Sullivan, of the Emeralds, presided. Mr. Furlong, the referee of the matches played on Sunday reported that the Innisfails were victors over the Finertys, while the football match was not played, owing to the non-appearance of the Emeralds. An apology was read from Mr. Clark, of the Columbia Club, for violation of rules. A draw took place for next Sunday's games, and resulted in the Grattans meeting Shamrocks, and Wolfe Tones meeting Brian Borus at 2 and 3 p. m., respectively. Mr. B. J. Mahoney resigned his position as Emerald representative, and a unanimous vote of thanks was accorded him for his services in the council. Next meeting of council will be held on Monday, May 8, at No. 94 Dearborn street.

1779. 1893.

HONOR TOM MOORE!

The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S GREAT POET,

—AND—

One of the Greatest Poets Produced by Any Nation,

Will Be Celebrated by a Musical and Literary Festival at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS, ON

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27,'93.

Some of the Best Vocal and Instrumental talent in, and outside of, the city will participate in the entertainment, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Thomas Moore in this city. Further particulars of the programme will be announced next week.

BERNARD CURTIS, Chairman and Treasurer. WILLIAM C. McCLURE, Secretary.

JAMES J. EGAN, P. McHUGH,
F. D. KINSELLA, PATRICK O'CONNOR,
JOHN F. FINERTY, GEORGE B. HENNESSY,
M. J. KEANE, Committee of Arrangements.

HYMENEAL.

FINERTY-MURPHY.

Mr. Thomas A. Finerty, of the post-office, and Miss Kate V. Murphy, were united in marriage on Thursday, April 20, at 2 p.m. The ceremony was performed in the Cathedral of the Holy Name by the Rev. Father Mooney. Miss Josie Mahon was the bridesmaid and Mr. Timothy Culinane acted as groomsman. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Concannon, No. 41 Wendel street, where they all partook of a hospitable repast. The young couple started on an evening train for a bridal trip, and will be home to receive their friends about May 1, at No. 803 North Roby street.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$1,367 70
Thomas F. Barry, 3100 State street, per M. D. O'Brien	5 00
Div. No. 36, A. O. H., third installment, per John T. Keating	10 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills. The home will be presented to Mrs. Curley on May 18.

The Rev. M. Sullivan will feel obliged to those members of the A. O. H. holding tickets, or collection books, to make a return of same next week.

JAMES STEPHENS ON HOME RULE.

Mr. James Stephens, who has been interviewed by a representative of the *Westminster Gazette* with reference to the Home Rule bill, declared he had no hesitation in saying that the bill ought to be accepted; but the financial proposals should be altered. He does not think the veto worth making a point of, as it does not amount to anything. He considers the safeguards for the minority ample, but would extend them in any direction that could be reasonably expected. He is of the opinion that the English parliament should settle the land question, as all the evils of the old system were due to English mistakes, and England ought to bear the responsibility and the cost of finding and applying a remedy. Asked whether he would be willing to take part in the work of the Irish legislature, he replied: "No, my principles would never allow me to sit in any parliament that would be subordinate to England. As I have lived so will I die. While I advise younger men to accept the bill in the spirit in which it is offered I could not compromise now." Mr. Stephens expressed the hope that it would be possible under the bill to encourage Irish industries, and he said every effort should be made to induce the constabulary to enter the new local force. On the question of amnesty, he declared that a complete amnesty of all political offenders is essential as part of an international settlement.—*United Ireland.*

PERSONAL.

John Armstrong, a brilliant young newspaper man of this city, has just been appointed private secretary to Gov. S. C. Hughes of Arizona. Mr. Armstrong is a native of Carlow, and was for several years assistant correspondent at London of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. He is at present employed by the City Press Association. He will leave for Arizona about May 1.

Mr. M. A. Murphy, formerly manager of Messrs. James Stenson & Co's Madison street house, has opened business on his own account at No. 175 Wells street, corner of Huron street, where he will be glad to see all his old friends.

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and purmanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FROM THE CAROLINA VALLEY.

The moonlight lies on Pisgah's crown,
Where oak and pine tree rear their head;
The mists of night have settled down
And by the whispering river spread,
But o'er the veil, against the sky,
The mighty mountain towers high.

The moonlight sheds its silver stream
And bathes the distant mountain height.
Within the vale I watch and dream,
Surrounded by a lesser light;
A red star sinking in the west
Seems on the mountain top to rest.

I count the star a beacon fire,
That blazes forth to stir the heart
And move the soul to high desire
To play on earth a better part,
And star and moon their spell have wrought,
For wakes the mind to higher thought.
—Flavel S. Mines in Harper's Bazar.

A STRANGE PARTNER.

MacShaugnassy said that he knew a story dealing with the too close attachment of a woman to a strange man, which really had a moral, which moral was, don't have anything to do with inventions.

Brown, who had patented a safety gun which he had never yet found a man plucky enough to let off, said it was a bad moral. We agreed to hear the particulars and judge for ourselves.

"This story," commenced MacShaugnassy, "comes from Furtwangen, a small town in the Black Forest. There lived there a very wonderful old fellow named Nicholaus Geibel. His business was the making of mechanical toys, at which work he had acquired an almost European reputation. He made rabbits that would emerge from the heart of a cabbage, flop their ears, smooth their whiskers and disappear again; cats that would wash their faces and mew so naturally that dogs would mistake them for real cats and fly at them; dolls, with phonographs concealed within them, that would raise their hats and say, 'Good morning; how do you do,' and some that would even sing a song.

"But he was something more than a mere mechanic; he was an artist. His work was with him a hobby, almost a passion. His shop was filled with all manner of strange things that never would or could be sold—things he had made for the pure love of making them. He had contrived a mechanical donkey that would trot for two hours by means of stored electricity and trot, too, much faster than the live article and with less need for exertion on the part of the driver; a bird that would shoot up into the air, fly round and round in a circle and drop to earth at the exact spot from where it started; a skeleton that, supported by an upright iron bar, would dance a hornpipe; a life size lady doll that could play a fiddle and a gentleman with a hollow inside who could smoke a pipe and drink more lager beer than any three average German students put together, which is saying much.

"Indeed it was the belief of the town that old Geibel could make a man capable of doing everything that a respectable man need want to do. One day he made a man who did too much, and it came about in this way:

"Young Dr. Follen had a baby, and the baby had a birthday. Its first birthday put Dr. Follen's household into somewhat of a flurry, but on the occasion of its second birthday Mrs. Dr. Follen gave a ball in honor of the event. Old Geibel and his daughter Olga were among the guests.

"During the afternoon of the next day some three or four of Olga's bosom friends, who had also been present at the ball, dropped in to have a chat about it. They naturally fell to discussing the men and to criticising their dancing. Old Geibel was in the room, but he appeared to be absorbed in his newspaper, and the girls took no notice of him.

"'There seems to be fewer men who can dance at every ball you go to,' said one of the girls.

"'Yes, and don't the ones who can give themselves airs?' said another. 'They make quite a favor of asking you.'

"'And how stupidly they talk,' added a third. 'They always say exactly the same things—"How charming you are looking tonight!" "Do you often go to Vienna? Oh, you should. It's delightful." "What a charming dress you have on!" "What a warm day it has been!" "Do you like Wagner?" I do wish they'd think of something new.'

"'Oh, I never mind how they talk,' said a fourth. 'If a man dances well, he may be a fool for all I care.'

"'He generally is,' slipped in a thin girl rather spitefully.

"'I go to a ball to dance,' continued the previous speaker, not noticing the interruption. 'All I ask of a partner is that he shall hold me firmly, take me round steadily and not get tired before I do.'

"'A clockwork figure would be the thing for you,' said the girl who had interrupted.

"'Bravo!' cried one of the others, clapping her hands, 'what a capital idea!'

"'What's a capital idea?' they asked.

"'Why, a clockwork dancer, or, better still, one that would go by electricity and never run down.'

"The girls took up the idea with enthusiasm.

"'Oh, what a lovely partner he would make!' said one. 'He would never kick you or tread on your toes.'

"'Or tear your dress,' said another.

"'Or get out of step.'

"'Or get giddy and lean on you.'

"'And he would never want to mop his face with his handkerchief. I do hate to see a man do that after every dance.'

"'And wouldn't want to spend the whole evening in the supper room.'

"'Why, with a phonograph inside him to grind out all the stock remarks, you would not be able to tell him from a real man,' said the girl who had first suggested the idea.

"'Oh, yes, you would,' said the thin girl; 'he would be so much nicer.'

"Old Geibel had laid down his paper and was listening with both his ears. On one of the girls glancing in his direction, however, he hurriedly hid himself again behind it.

"After the girls were gone he went into his workshop, where Olga heard him walking up and down and every now and then chuckling to himself, and that night he talked to her a good deal about dancing and dancing men, asked what they usually said and did, what dances were most popular, what steps were gone through, with many other questions bearing on the subject.

"Then for a couple of weeks he kept much to his factory and was very thoughtful and busy, though prone at unexpected moments to break into a quiet, low laugh, as if enjoying a joke that nobody else knew of.

"A month later another ball took place in Furtwangen. On this occasion it was given by old Wenzel, the wealthy timber merchant, to celebrate his niece's betrothal, and Geibel and his daughter were again among the invited.

"When the hour arrived to set out, Olga sought her father. Not finding him in the house she tapped at the door of his workshop. He appeared in his shirt sleeves, looking hot but radiant.

"'Don't wait for me,' he said; 'you go on; I'll follow you. I've got something to finish.'

"As she turned to obey he called her. 'Tell them I'm going to bring a young man with me—such a nice young man, and an excellent dancer. All the girls will like him.' Then he laughed and closed the door.

"Her father generally kept his doings secret from everybody, but she had a pretty shrewd suspicion of what he had been planning, and so to a certain extent she was able to prepare the guests for what was coming. Anticipation ran high, and the arrival of the famous mechanist was cagerly awaited.

"At length the sound of wheels was heard outside, followed by a great commotion in the passage, and old Wenzel himself, his jolly face red with excitement and suppressed laughter, burst into the room and announced in stentorian tones:

"'Herr Geibel—and a friend.'

"Herr Geibel and his 'friend' entered, greeted with shouts of laughter and applause, and advanced to the center of the room.

"'Allow me, ladies and gentlemen,' said Herr Geibel, 'to introduce you to my friend, Lieutenant Fritz. Fritz, my dear fellow, bow to the ladies and gentlemen.'

"Geibel placed his hand encouragingly on Fritz's shoulder, and the lieutenant bowed low, accompanying the action with a harsh clicking noise in his throat unpleasantly suggestive of a death rattle. But that was only a detail.

"'He walks a little stiffly.' Old Giebel took his arm and walked him forward a few steps. He certainly did walk stiffly. 'But, then, walking is not his forte. He is essentially a dancing man. I have only been able to teach him the waltz as yet, but at that he is faultless. Come, which of you ladies may I introduce him to as a partner? He keeps perfect time; he never gets tired; he won't kick you or tread on your dress; he will hold you as firmly as you like and go as quickly or as slowly as you please; he never gets giddy, and he is full of conversation. Come, speak up for yourself, my boy.'

"The old gentleman twisted one of the buttons at the back of the coat, and immediately Fritz opened his mouth and in thin tones that appeared to proceed from the back of his head remarked suddenly, 'May I have the pleasure?' and then shut his mouth again with a snap.

"That Lieutenant Fritz had made a strong impression on the company was undoubted, yet none of the girls seemed inclined to dance with him. They looked askance at his waxen face, with its staring eyes and fixed smile, and shuddered. At last old Geibel came to the girl who had conceived the idea.

"'It is your own suggestion carried out to the letter,' said Geibel, 'an electric dancer. You owe it to the gentleman to give him a trial.'

"She was a bright, saucy little girl, fond of a frolic. Her host added his entreaties, and she consented.

"Herr Geibel fixed the figure to her. Its right arm was screwed round her waist and held her firmly; its delicately jointed left hand was made to fasten itself upon her right. The old toymaker showed her how to regulate its speed and how to stop it and how to release herself.

"'It will take you round in a complete circle,' he explained. 'Be careful that no one knocks against you and alters its course.'

"Then the music struck up. Old Geibel put the current in motion, and Annette and her strange partner began to dance.

"For awhile every one stood watching them. The figure performed its purpose admirably. Keeping perfect time and step, and holding its little partner tightly clasped in an unyielding embrace it revolved steadily, pouring forth at the same time a constant flow of squeaky conversation, broken at brief intervals of grinding silence.

"'How charming you are looking tonight!' it remarked in its thin, faraway voice. 'What a lovely day it has been! Do you like dancing? How well our steps agree. You will give me another, won't you? Oh, don't be so cruel! What a charming gown you have on! Isn't waltzing delightful? I could go on dancing forever—with you. Have you had supper?'

"As she grew more familiar with the uncanny creature the girl's nervousness wore off, and she entered into the fun of the thing.

"'Oh, he's just lovely!' she cried, laughing. 'I could go on dancing with him all my life.'

"Couple after couple now joined them, and soon all the dancers in the room were whirling around behind them. Nicholaus Geibel stood looking on, beaming with childish delight at his success.

"Old Wenzel approached him and whispered something in his ear. Geibel laughed and nodded, and the two worked their way quietly toward the door.

"'This is the young people's house tonight,' said Wenzel so soon as they were outside. 'You and I will have a quiet pipe and a glass of hock over in the counting house.'

"Meanwhile the dancing grew more fast and furious. Little Annette loosened the screw regulating her partner's rate of progress, and the figure flew round with her swifter and swifter. Couple after couple dropped out exhausted, but they only went the faster, till at length they remained dancing alone.

"Madder and madder became the waltz. The music lagged behind. The musicians, unable to keep pace, ceased and sat staring. The younger guests applauded, but the older faces began to grow anxious.

"'Hadn't you better stop, dear?' said one of the women. 'You'll make yourself so tired.'

"But Annette did not answer.

"'I believe she's fainted,' cried out a girl who had caught sight of her face as it was swept by.

"One of the men sprang forward and clutched at the figure, but its impetus threw him down on the floor, where its steel cased feet laid bare his cheek. The thing evidently did not intend to part with its prize easily.

"Had any one retained a cool head, the figure, one cannot help thinking, might easily have been stopped. Two or three men acting in concert might have lifted it bodily off the floor or have jammed it into a corner. But few human heads are capable of remaining cool under excitement. Those who are not present think how stupid must have been those who were; those who are reflect afterward how simple it would have been to do this, that or the other if only they had thought of it at the time.

"The women grew hysterical. The men shouted contradictory directions to one another. Two of them made a bungling rush at the figure which had the result of forcing it out of its orbit in the center of the room and sending it crashing against the walls and furniture. A stream of blood showed itself down the girl's white frock and followed her along the floor. The affair was becoming horrible. The women rushed screaming from the room. The men followed them.

"One sensible suggestion was made, 'Find Geibel; fetch Geibel.'

"No one had noticed him leave the room, no one knew where he was. A party went in search of him. The others, too unnerved to go back into the ballroom, crowded outside the door and listened. They could hear the steady whir of the wheels upon the polished floor as the thing spun round and round, the dull thud as every now and again it dashed itself and its burden against some opposing object and ricocheted off in a new direction.

"And everlastingly it talked in that thin, ghostly voice, repeating over and over the same formula: 'How charming you are looking tonight! What a lovely day it has been! Oh, don't be so cruel. I could go on dancing forever—with you. Have you had supper?'

"Of course they sought for Geibel everywhere but where he was. They looked in every room in the house; then they rushed off in a body to his own place and spent precious minutes in waking up his deaf old housekeeper. At last it occurred to one of the party that Wenzel was missing also, and then the idea of the counting house across the yard presented itself to them, and there they found him.

"He rose up, very pale, and followed them. And he and old Wenzel forced their way through the crowd of guests gathered outside and entered the room and locked the door behind them.

"From within there came the muffled sound of low voices and quick steps, followed by a confused, scuffling noise, then silence, then the low voices again.

"After a time the door opened, and those near it pressed forward to enter, but old Wenzel's broad shoulders barred the way.

"'I want you—and you, Bekler,' he said, addressing a couple of the elder men. His voice was calm, but his face was deadly white. 'The rest of you please go. Get the women away as quickly as you can.'

"From that day old Nicholaus Giebel confined himself to the making of mechanical rabbits and cats that mewed and washed their faces."

We agreed that the moral of MacShangnassy's story was a good one.—Jerome K. Jerome in Philadelphia Times.

"Let Them Die of Thirst."

We learn in Boswell's delightful biography of Dr. Johnson how the great man when visiting in different towns reveled in joining in the local squabbles which seem to be characteristic of seaside resorts. When he was at Plymouth, he found the inhabitants engaged in a fierce quarrel with a new town which had arisen two miles off as a rival to the old.

Dr. Johnson, it is written, well knowing "from his sagacity and just observation of human nature that it is certain that if a man hates at all he will hate his next neighbor, concluded that this rising town could not but excite the envy and jealousy of the old; he therefore set himself resolutely on the side of the town, the established town, in which his lot was cast, considering it as a kind of duty to stand by it."

The new town consisted of a population which had grown round Plymouth Dock. They were called the "Dockers" and had meekly petitioned the mother town to supply them with some of the water with which Plymouth was amply endowed. This not unreasonable request was sternly refused. Dr. Johnson was violent in opposition to such a proposal, roaring out: "No, no! I am against the Dockers. I am a Plymouth man. Rogues! let them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop!"—Temple Bar.

The Value of Church Towers.

In lone districts such as the marshland of Kent and the fen country of Lincolnshire, the tall church towers which are such prominent features in the landscape served a very important purpose inasmuch as they were landmarks for travelers, and even today the pedestrian has reason to be thankful for the guiding presence of Boston "stump" or Lydd tower at the close or a hard day's walking.—London Standard.

COVERED BY REFUSE.

DEAD BODY OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOUND IN THE WOODS.

A Rancher's Remarkable Discovery Recalls an Interesting Story of the Daughter of a Pioneer Settler of Washington Territory.

The body of a young girl was found last week in the northern part of Walla Walla county in the eastern part of this state by a rancher while clearing up a small piece of land in the vicinity of his barn. The body was first seen lying about two feet under ground near the root of a tree as the stump was being grubbed out. It is generally supposed to have laid there for nearly 20 years. It has been identified as the body of Eneide de Valliere, the daughter of a Frenchman who settled in that section about a quarter of a century ago. The finding of the body has brought to light a remarkably interesting story.

The appearance of the land and the position in which the body was found have led to the belief that it was never buried by mortal hands, but it must in all probability have been covered from view by the continual drifting of earth, dried leaves and the many decayed substances that undoubtedly accumulated at the base of the tree during the years that have passed since the girl disappeared from her home.

The body was removed to the cabin of the rancher, where it was washed and thoroughly dried, when it became as white and as smooth as the purest marble. It was removed to the residence of a physician in Idaho, where it now is. There is not a flaw or scar visible to mar the symmetry of the graceful proportions of the figure or the beauty of the phenomenal coloring of the lips and cheeks, which has aroused the interest of the few physicians that have been permitted to gaze upon it. The coloring, strange as it may appear, comes and goes with the rising and setting of the sun.

On dark, rainy days the face remains as pallid as an ordinary piece of marble. Just at sunrise this flesh tint of healthful repose is seen to settle upon the features, giving the face the appearance of quiet slumber, but which immediately disappears as the shades of night begin to fall. As the sun begins to disappear over the western horizon the lifelike form gradually changes, the whiteness reappears, and the body is again in the icy clasp of death and becomes cold and clammy.

When the body was found, it was perfectly nude. There was, however, a tiny gold chain encircling the neck with a little star attached, upon which were the initials "E. de V." These initials gave the first clew to the identity of the body. When it became known that the body was that of Eneide de Valliere, a few of the old settlers in that section recalled the parents of the girl and how they had worked and lived in that part of the world on their little piece of land.

The Indians that inhabited eastern Washington, Idaho and the neighboring country 40 years ago had not learned the power of the government of Uncle Sam or that the whites were beginning to believe Davy Crockett's statement—that the only good Indian was a dead one. They made frequent raids upon the few white men who had the courage to invade that section either in search of gold and other minerals or to till the soil.

One of the earliest settlers who dared brave the dangers that threatened every white man who ventured into eastern Washington was Jean de Valliere, an old Frenchman. He was accompanied by his young wife and a little girl. He built himself a little log cabin and turned farmer. Years passed away, and the little girl grew to be a magnificent looking woman. She made peace for her father with the Indians, and soon she and her parents were on unusually friendly relations with the red men. The Beautiful Lily, as the girl was called by the Indians, played and frolicked with the children of the old warriors, and as she budded into magnificent womanhood she was courted by the young men in the different tribes.

Eneide was scarcely 18 years of age when she first manifested symptoms of a weak mind. During the hours of the day she was blithesome and gay, but at nightfall she became listless and melancholy. She would stroll from her father's cabin and wander aimlessly about the great forests, heeding no one and acting like a poor idiotic child.

One night she walked out on the track and disappeared. As she did not return her father went in search of her, but she was never found. Her mother had died in the meantime, and the loss of his daughter worried the old Frenchman so that he finally broke down, and after a brief illness died.—Tacoma Cor. Chicago Times.

Ingeniously Made of Coins.

M. Kersten has a rather unique and remarkable specimen of his handiwork. This is a bell glass, which covers 20 copper and silver vessels. These were all beaten from 1-cent pieces or dimes. On the bottom of each copper article were the words "one cent," and on each of the silver articles "one dime."

The copper pieces were one globe, one "crap" die, one teakettle, one tea urn, one vase, one jug, one candlestick, one coffeepot, one ball and one pitcher.

The silver pieces were one sugar bowl, one teapot, one teakettle, one cream pitcher, one finger bowl, one sirup pitcher, one spoon holder and one hot water pot.

Mr. Kersten said that it had taken him one year and a half to beat these little pieces into shape. The work was done nights and Sundays. The average time spent on each piece was about a week.—Galveston News.

Missing Simian Words.

As Professor Garner has learned 200 words of the monkey language, perhaps he can tell us what was said that caused the celebrated disturbance at the Columbian meeting of the monkey and the parrot.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Grownup Girls and Dolls.

As nothing in The Master Builder has exercised the minds of the critics and the public so much as Mrs. Solness' "nine lovely dolls," you will perhaps allow me to put on record a little incident connected with them which strikes me as curious. At a recent first night I happened to be seated just behind a well known critic. He turned around to me and said: "I want you to tell me what is your theory of those 'nine lovely dolls.' Of course one can see that they're entirely symbolical."

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied, remembering a Norwegian cousin of my own who treasured a favorite doll until she was nearer 30 than 20, and may do so for aught I know to this day. "They of course 'symbolize' the unsatisfied passion of motherhood in Mrs. Solness' heart, but I have very little doubt that Ibsen makes use of this 'symbol' because he has observed a similar case or cases in real life." "What!" cried the critic. "He has seen a grownup, middle aged woman continuing to 'live with' her dolls."

I was about to say that it did not seem to me so very improbable when a lady who was seated next me, a total stranger to both of us, leaned forward and said, "Excuse me for interrupting you, but it may perhaps interest you to know that I have three dolls to which I am deeply attached!" I will not be so rude as to conjecture this lady's age, but we may be sure that a very young woman would not have had the courage to make such an avowal. Does it not seem that Ibsen knows a thing or two about human nature—English as well as Norwegian—which we dramatic critics, though bound by our calling to be subtle psychologists, have not yet fathomed?—Westminster Gazette.

The Discovery of Lithography.

One of the greatest discoveries ever made was the result of the purest accident. It was the year 1796. The citizens of Munich had just witnessed the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera "Don Juan," and the theater was deserted by all save one man, Alois Sennefelder, who, after making a round of inspection in the building to see that no sparks had ignited anything combustible, retired to his room to stamp the tickets of admission for the day following. When he entered his apartment, he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone which he had purchased for sharpening razors, a ticket stamp still moistened with printing ink and a check on the treasurer of the theater for his weekly salary. As he placed the latter upon the table a gust of wind swept it high up in his room for a moment and then deposited it in a basin filled with water.

Sennefelder dried the wet paper as well as he could and then weighted it down with the whetstone, upon which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp. When he returned to his room the following morning, he was astonished at seeing the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy upon the dampened paper. A thought came to him. He wondered whether by some such means he could not simplify his work of continually copying the songs of the chorus. He went out and purchased a large stone, commenced making experiments, and, as we all know now, finally discovered the art of printing from stone—lithography.—Boston Herald.

The "Devil's Nose" and "Lot's Family."

There are at least two queer freaks of nature on the island of St. Helena—or rather four, for one of them is a group of three figures—known the world over as the "Devil's Nose" and "Lot and His Daughters." Any one who is able to study the island as it is and not run wild over the Napoleonic legends which have clustered about that "sea bound rock" since the days when the "Little Corporal" was housed there in his living grave will find much that will repay for investigation, time and study.

The queerest of the natural formations are the oddities above alluded to. The first of these imitative forms is a rocky promontory which has been known by names which signify Old Nick's nasal projection since May 22, 1502, when Juan Castella and his men sighted the island just in time to see the devil disappear beneath the waves in the best harbor, leaving his nose as a reminder of what might happen should the venturesome Spaniard seek to take possession of his satanic majesty's favorite haunts.

"Lot and His Daughters" are three conical rocks which can only be conjured into representing a man and two women by a strong play of the imagination. According to the views of some writers they are weather worn statues of colossal size, probably the work of some aborigines of the island. Their gigantic size, however, would seem to preclude this idea. When or by whom they were dubbed "Lot and His Daughters" no authority has ventured to say.—St. Louis Republic.

The Watch Trick.

Here is a puzzle very entertaining and used to some extent as an evidence of mind reading. Take the dial of a watch. Let your friend think of any number from 1 to 12, keeping the same to himself. With the point of your pencil tick at random upon any figure of the dial and let him mentally add one to his number for each tick. When he has counted to 21, let him call "Stop," and your pencil will be found to be on the very number he had chosen. As you had no previous knowledge of this number and as your pencil skips about at random it provokes astonishment to find that you unerringly strike his number as soon as he has reached 21.

The explanation hinges on the powers of 9. The highest figure on the dial is 12. Add 9 to this and you have 21. Count your ticks (which, as stated, may be at random) and be careful that at the ninth count your pencil is on 12. If your friend has chosen 12, he will say "Stop!" having on his part counted to 21. Should he have selected another number keep on ticking in regular rotation to the left, and your pencil will inevitably be on the correct number when he cries halt.—Philadelphia Times.

EXCITEMENT IN A DUTCH VILLAGE.

History of a Curious Custom In the Ancient Land of Dikes.

One night in October we were startled by the ringing of the alarm bells. We expected to find a fire, but the peasants as they tumbled out of their door shouted, "The cows! The cows!" which brings us back to a curious bit of local history and custom. As is well known, the Zuyder Zee is kept back from these villages by a great dike that connects sand dune with sand dune. During the low water of summer the sea retires for a long distance and the uncovered shore becomes fine pasturage, giving the farmers a chance to convert their own meager grass patches into hay for the winter. Unfortunately this provision of nature cannot be enjoyed by all.

It is a bequest to these villages from a countess who died in the year 1642; to speak exactly, each descendant of a resident of the villages of Laren, Blaricum and Huizen of that date has inherited the right to pasture seven cows. This privilege cannot be brought or sold; it can be acquired only from an ancestor of the village of that date. When the spring comes, the cattle are driven to the pastures, where they remain for the summer. Their owners commonly live miles away, and it necessitates two daily milking trips, on which they jog over in a cart with the cans and pails at midday and midnight.

The pastures are hundreds of acres in extent, and for a long time it puzzled us how an owner could find his cows on a dark night, but we discovered that they have trained their animals to come to a certain place at the same hour each day and night by always carrying to them some dainty in the shape of salt and potatoes. During the summer these pastures are used without danger, but in the autumn the succession of northerly gales, in conjunction with a high tide, will put the land under many feet of water.

Sometimes the inundation is so sudden that the cattle are caught by the rising waters and drowned. So at the beginning of September watchmen are always stationed on the dike to keep a sharp lookout upon the sea. The church towers of the villages are all in sight of one another, and the Huizen tower is in close communication with the dike. With a rise of the sea the man on the dike hangs up a lantern; if the sea rises more he hangs up two, which is a danger signal, but if it rises fast three, which says, "Great danger; come quickly." Similar lights are flashed from tower to tower by watchers in the belfries, and at three lights the alarm bells are rung.

This was the alarm we heard, and in 10 minutes the roads were thronged with people on foot and on horseback, rushing to the rescue of the herds. This year none were drowned, but it was perilous work, and the peasants heaved long sighs of relief as they told us the details and announced that the cows were safe in the stables for the next six months.—H. W. Ranger in Century.

Peter the "Mint Bird."

If you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838 or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1856, you will find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle that was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia. Peter, one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was the pet of the Philadelphia mint and was generally known as the "mint bird." Not only did he have free access to every part of the mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults, where even the treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but he used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon lampposts in the streets. Everybody knew him and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the mint establishment as the superintendent or the chief coiner.

He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the mint yet if he had not sat down to rest upon one of the great flywheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later. The superintendent had his body beautifully mounted with the wings spread to their fullest extent, and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. An exact portrait of him as he stands in the case was put upon the coins named.—Harper's Young People.

Sandwich Islanders and Their Priests.

The Kahunas exerted their powers in different ways, and formerly every chieftain of note had his pet Kahuna. In the matter of conferring with the Kahunas as to the advisability of instituting a certain undertaking or as to what the outcome of such an undertaking would be the process was much the same as the oriental plan of consulting the oracle. There were Kahunas who removed the evil spirits and who made the sick well, and, more influential than either of these, the Kahuna who prayed the Kanaka to death.

With the advent of the missionary in the islands and the abolition of idolatry the Kahuna industry received a setback, and the priests and prophets of the order have been slowly but surely losing their grip, until at the present time the Kahunas that remain command the fear and respect of but a few and are rejected by the many as mountebanks.—Honolulu Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Correct Speech Is Rarely Heard.

There are errors that are fallen into as frequently by the educated as by the ignorant. It is say to say that nine people in ten in using the expression "wile away the time" for instance spell and pronounce it "while away," etc. An instant's thought is sufficient to convince one that "wile" is the word, yet how few give that instant! It is a singular fact that absolute correctness of speech is so rarely heard that it is in danger of being mistaken for affectation when it is met.—Boston Advertiser.

GIRLHOOD IN ANCIENT GREECE.

Somewhat Restricted and Eminently Religious and Practical.

It would seem, judging from Miss Emily Penrose's lectures on early Athenian customs, that the women of ancient Greece, though they were fair to look upon and inspired the sculptured ideals that have ever since set the standard of womanly loveliness, really had a very prosaic and stupid time of it among all the old poets and philosophers. And that it is a great deal nicer to live now, even with a hoop in your skirt and a stiff derby on your head, than in those days of poetry and high art, when a woman had no clubs or leagues, no social science sisterhoods, no sewing coteries with nice men drifting in at the tea hour, no literary guilds or sanitary classes, no street cleaning organizations or hygienic fraternities, no nervous prostration, no crinoline, no careers and no stockings.

Little Athenian maids were kept closely in the women's apartments until they were married and very rarely appeared in public. They were taught reading, writing and dancing as accomplishments, but their real education consisted in learning to spin, to weave, to embroider and the treatment of simple illnesses among their slaves. They must also learn a great deal of elaborate ritual, as women took a prominent part in the family worship. In the courtyard garden in the center of the women's apartments the girls played among the flowers with their pet animals, the live playthings taking the place of the mechanical toys and talking dolls and small flirtations of today. At 7 years old a girl might become an Arrephoros—a most envied post—and take part in the festivals of Athens.

At 10 she might engage in the exciting operation of grinding the corn to make votive cakes for Artemis; after that take part in certain high festivals and processions. Girls were frequently married at 15, the husband being chosen by the mother. Marriage was looked upon as both a civil and religious duty, and it was thought desirable that the husband should be much older than the wife, but there could be little suspense or romance in so prosaic a wooing, and after the wedding a wife never went out unattended, but spent her time in looking after the house, superintending the slaves and preventing waste.

She was responsible for everything in her house, where all the food was prepared and all the clothing worn and made up. Her chief recreations were religious festivals and weddings, her only outside duties taking part in funeral ceremonies. Possibly this is the source of the inherent love of women for the mysticism of religion, the joy of weddings and the tragedy in death, for some women seem to enjoy the harrowing details of death's ceremonies as well as the melody of wedding bells. Still those unemancipated women inspired the poets to glad bursts of songs and gave to the artist exquisite models of womanly grace and to the historian examples of heroism and self sacrifice which justified by facts the noble conceptions of the great poets who sang the charms of woman's virtue and beauty.

And they didn't have to fret because men wouldn't let them vote or worry because their last season's skirts would barely make sleeves for this season's gowns. So perhaps they were happier after all, and happiness is, next to beauty, the chief virtue of womanhood.—New York Sun.

A Desert Caravan.

A great caravan in march is a superb spectacle, alas! too infrequent now in northern Africa. At first Arabs alone can detect it, a mere speck lost in a dusty halo, whence it emerges at length, a tawny colored mass possessed of a strange motion, the swarming of a thousand lives in one. Here and there silhouettes of straggling camels stand profiled, like hieroglyphics, on the fiery sky, as, insensibly trailing its snakelike curves, the convoy advances.

Hours after being sighted it passes in slow defile, led by a vanguard of blooded camels, whose gait and bearing have an air of arrogance not customary to that race of proletarians, the chieftains seated aloft in their floating burnooses, alert of eye, with gun in hand, statuesque guardians of the convoy treasure. Behind them the camels of burden, exhausted less by loads than with the fatigues of the journey, their legs and croppers bald and scarred by blows, straggle forward languidly, thrusting out the tongue as they press their huge, spongy feet in the yielding ground. What resignation in their soft, staring eyes! Verily, no philosopher knows better than these poor brutes how inane are the revolts against inexorable fate.

Near at hand walk the drivers, their emaciated features savagely illumined by eyes of fire, and white, gleaming teeth piercing their parched lips. Of all who started with the caravan, how many have fallen by the way, abandoned to agonize alone in the desolation?—Scribner's.

Legends About the Moon.

"In Ceylon," says John Fiske, "it is said that as Sakyamuni was one day wandering half starved in the forest a pious hare met him and offered itself to be slain and cooked for dinner, whereupon the holy Buddha set it on high in the moon that future generations of men might see it and marvel at its piety."

In the Samoan islands these dark patches are supposed to be portions of a woman's figure. A certain woman was once hammering something with a mallet when the moon arose, looking so much like a breadfruit that the woman asked it to come down and allow her child to eat off a piece of it, but the moon, enraged at the insult, gobbled up woman, mallet and child, and there in the moon's belly you may still behold them.—New York Telegram.

Political Reasoning.

"You must vote, Jawkins," urged Smithers. "Every vote counts."

"Mine doesn't," said Jawkins. "I vote one way, but my coachman and gardener vote the other."—Harper's Bazar.

A Tale of Love and Robbery.

"I have just come from a scene of love and robbery," said Otis Hewitt of New York yesterday. "It was an interesting game, and my friend, who was the principal, got the worst of it. There was a family party in the hotel at Jacksonville, Fla., in which we were stopping. The party was composed of a man, his wife, his wife's 20-year-old sister and a child about 3 years old. My chum was very much smitten with the 20-year-old sister and danced attendance on her in great shape—flowers, theaters, boating, and all that sort of thing, you know. Well, one night, a quiet family game of poker was suggested, and of course he was in for it.

"Well, after awhile the cards began to come his way, and in one pot both he and the young woman began to bet against each other rather lively. His hand was a sure winner, and he kept betting it. The brother-in-law and his wife dropped out. Then the brother-in-law looked at the girl's hand and said he would back it for anything, and the betting got more lively. My friend considered that as he was winning the other fellow's money, he needn't care. After a while there was about $150 in the pot and they were still betting. At that point the child ran into the room, and running up to the table stood beside her aunt. Then the young woman said, 'Oh, by the way, this is Flossie's birthday; whoever wins the pot, let us give it to her.' Now, what could the fellow say? He had to agree. He won the pot and withdrew gracefully, but it's safe to bet that Flossie never gets the pot. It's the coldest case of robbery I ever heard of."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Eyes of a Fly.

How doth the fly detect the craftiness of thine approach and the suddenness of thine onslaught? Hast thou considered those orbed brown eyes of his? First, he winketh not, and remember that of the 20 pairs of gladiators matched by the Roman emperor, 'twas the two unwinking swordsmen who survived. For no briefest tick of time are the mirrors of M. D.'s (Musca domestica) sense shrouded over. Approach him on the right, and through 4,000 six sided lens facets he hath knowledge of thee. Approach him on the left, and thou art betrayed to his vigilance by another 4,000 windows. If thou menace him from above, he watcheth thee through three skylights in the roof! Place him on the thirtieth meridian of Mercator's projection, and shall he not take in at one glance the old world and the Americas and a starry creature of the zodiac overhead?

If thou be a physicist, adapt one of his myriad faced corneas, and with the help of a microscope thou shalt multiply a guardsman into a host of lilliputians and shalt enjoy a civic illumination at the cost of a farthing candle. But not thus doth M. D. take cognizance of creation. Rather doth he use his optical instruments in the fashion of a manifold stereoscope, and picture to himself the whole ring of the horizon in a single flash. That speck of "gray matter" at the center of his diminutive head is a magic mirror showing the circumference of all without. How he burnisheth those marvelous eyes with the silken brushes nature hath attached to his feet!—Good Words.

First Illustrator of America.

In the British museum there is preserved John White's original drawings in water colors illustrating Sir Walter Raleigh's voyage into Virginia in 1585. This John White was an English painter who was sent by Queen Elizabeth in 1585 to Virginia as principal draftsman in Raleigh's second expedition for exploring the country and planting his first "colonie." The expedition of seven ships was under the command of Admiral Sir Richard Grenville, the ancestor of the founder of the Grenville library in the British museum.

This first "colonie," consisting, of 108 men, remained in Virginia one whole year and then returned to England in July, 1586, in Sir Francis Drake's fleet, then coming victorious from the West Indies, because the long expected supplies and reinforcements from England had not arrived. Fourteen days after their departure Sir Richard Grenville arrived with new stores and new planters, to find the old "colonie" deserted. Little is known respecting John White. It is recorded, however, that he made four voyages to Virginia and that during the second expedition he was appointed governor, in 1587. He was the grandfather of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in North America. In 1588 Theodore de Bry on a visit to London was induced to engrave the said drawings and his work was issued in 1590 in folio at Frankfort.

Copies of this book are very rare. There is a very imperfect one in the library in Harvard college.—Art Amateur.

A Wonder of Precocity.

Christian Heinecker was born at Lubeck on the 6th of February, 1721. When only 10 months old, he could repeat every word spoken to him. At 12 months of age he had memorized all the principal events mentioned in the Pentateuch. Before he had finished his second year of existence he had learned all the historical parts of both the Old and the New Testament. At the age of 3 he could reply correctly to all questions put to him regarding universal history and geography, and in the same year he learned to speak both Latin and French.

In his fourth year he employed his time in studying religions, especially the history of the Christian church. He was not only able to glibly repeat all that he had read, but was also able to reason with considerable of judgment and to give his own opinion of things in general. The king of Denmark wished to see this wonderful child, so he was taken to Copenhagen. After his return to Lubeck he learned to write, and was beginning on the study of music and mathematics, but his constitution being very weak, he took down and died on June 27, 1725, aged 4 years, 4 months and 21 days. What a wonderful record for such a short life.—St. Louis Republic.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing.

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 852 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Bede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Cormody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Abern, Fin Sec; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Hensly, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 830 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Brien, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1233 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 25—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 5813 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGlanis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEnenny, Rec Sec, 729 Hileman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 55 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMann, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2053 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 522 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 326 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleason, Treas Dr J A Heusteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

Our Knowledge of Insects.

In England we have about 12,000 species of insects, and it is perhaps not to be expected that the ultimate total, when all the smallest species have been collected and studied as assiduously as the larger ones, will exceed this estimate by more than a few hundred, or at most 1,000 or 2,000. But with foreign countries it is very different, and I must confess that I was surprised when I lately received a fine new species of phasmida from Madagascar, to find that barely half a dozen species had yet been recorded from that island. If this is the state of our knowledge of such insects as phasmida, how imperfect must it be of the smaller species of coleoptera, hymenoptera, diptera, etc., many of which are of almost microscopic dimensions!

Many insects are so local and so closely connected with plants which disappear before civilization that the same fate of extermination which has fallen on so many of the larger animals during the last century cannot but fall heavily upon these also. It is not too much to say that it is highly probable that a large proportion of the insects at present existing in the world will become extinct before their existence is even known to scientific men.—W. F. Kirby in Knowledge.

Mrs. Mary Getchefsky of Greensburg, Pa., cut her new-born child into small pieces and threw the remains into the sewer.

Jefferson D. Barnett, white, was murdered by a negro near Eufaula, Ala. His murderer was run down by a posse, shot, wounded, and then burned.

Pittsburg is to have a new morning Democratic penny paper. J. M. Guffey, the millionaire politician, is back of it.

Application was made in the circuit court at Sioux City, Ia., for a receiver for the defunct Northwestern State bank at Sibley.

Mad Michael Crassiel fancied a staircase ran from the third story of his house at Jersey City to the ground. He tried to utilize the phantom, fell and died.

It will not be practicable for the entire fleet, the day of the naval review in New York, to steam up and salute the tomb of Grant, but by orders of the secretary of the navy the flagship Philadelphia will perform that office.

Frank Keirstead, the agent of the Swift-West company of Chicago, was fined $20 in Elwood, Ind., for selling tainted meat.

The identical chair that Horace Greeley used to sit in and write editorials is now occupied by Roswell G. Horr, the humorist and tariff talker, who writes the agricultural leaders for the New York Tribune.

* * *

Ismail Pasha, the famous ex-khedive of Egypt, now 63, lives in regal splendor in his palace on the shores of the Bosphorous. His wealth amounts to about $25,000,000.

While Mrs. David Ritliff of Prairie du Chien, Wis., was trying to burn up some rubbish her clothes caught fire and she was fatally burned.

It is learned at Ottawa that Lord Aberdeen will not succeed Lord Stanley as governor general of Canada until the debate on the home rule bill is concluded.

A heavy windstorm has driven the ice out of Green bay, carrying with it many piers on the north shore.

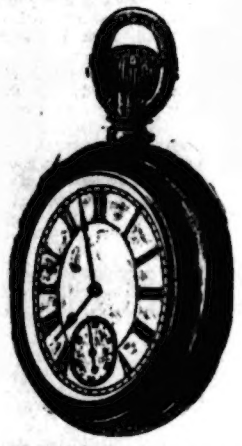
Nathaniel Straughn, aged nearly 101, has just died at Mitchell, Ind.

The Iowa Medical society has decided to hold its annual meeting at Burlington, May 17, 18 and 19.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.55. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $35.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.25.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "this model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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I invite an inspection of this Folding Bed. It is the best Folding Bed in the market. It opens either side and can be detached and left in any part of the room you desire without interfering with the sleeping part of it. I have six different styles of this bed which cannot be duplicated by any other house in the city.

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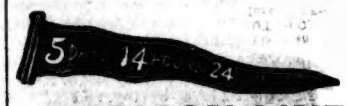

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ESTATE OF JAMES T. CARROLL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James T. Carroll, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 21, 1893.
MICHAEL M. O'CONNOR and MICHAEL T. CARROLL, Administrators of said estate.
David Sullivan, Attorney for estate.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG,
Attorney-at-Law,
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ESTATE OF JOHN J. MORRISSEY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of John J. Morrissey, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 26, 1893.
CATHERINE MORRISSEY, Executrix.

ESTATE OF LOUIS ROELLE, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Louis Roelle, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 26, 1893.
HANNAH ROELLE, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.